THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH WEST AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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The Consecrated Geese

The story of our accompanying illustration is a well-known incident of ancient history. When the Roman garrison had retreated before the Gauls to the Capitol, they were able to hold out against the enemy if the food supply should hold out. Guards were placed on the walls of the Capitol, except in one place, where the high perpendicular rock seemed to preclude any attempt to scale the walls. But it was here the Gauls planned their attack. The most sure-footed mountaineers were chosen for the surprise. In the stillness of the night they noiselessly approached the rock, and skillfully choosing every projecting point, they climbed up and up until they rested a moment at the last projecting boulder. Then a human ladder was formed, man climbing over man, until the first gripped the edge of the wall and drew himself up to it.

So far everything had favored the attacking Gauls. But at this part of the wall, which joined the Temple of Jupiter, there was a cage in which were kept geese, sacred to the god of the Temple. The noise of the soldiers climbing up aroused these birds, which set up a fearful cackling. Quickly the Roman sentries came to the place of the disturbance, just in time to cut down the first of the enemies who had scaled the walls, and so the Romans were saved.

The lesson of this incident is obvious. Have not we in the Army given a thousand proofs, and has not a poor, ignorant, but love-inflamed man, or an illiterate, but consecrated, servant girl, been often used to save the worst part of the town's or city's population? Is there a life so simple, a mind so untrained, a heart so untaught, a body so weak, a hand so withered, or a foot so crippled, but what, if only consecrated to the service of the King, can in the inscrutable plans of God, be made the means to confound the most elaborate plans of the craftiest enemy of man? Nay, it is often the very meanest and weakest that God has chosen, as the history of ages tells us again and again, to confound the mighty, uproot customs, change empires, and reform society.

Have you often, in disheartened circumstances, cried in despair: "There is nothing that I can do; I have no talents, no gifts, no money—nothing to make me useful in His service"? Say not so. All that He requires of you is to faithfully fill your present place, carefully discharge the duties of the hour and to trust your God—and He will use even you as it suits His plans.

THE GEESE OF THE CAPITOL.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

(SECOND SERIES.)

BY THE GENERAL.

ABOUT WEDDINGS.

In the previous papers of this series I have given some counsels as to the best method of selecting a partner for life, and also upon the most interesting topic of courtship. I now approach the more important question of marriage, to which the course of events before treated of naturally leads.

At the very gate as it were of the entire subject the deeply impressive ceremony of marriage itself. The old adage, "A thing well begun is half done," is certainly, to some extent, applicable to the way in which the wedding ceremony is conducted. I do not think, therefore, that a little homely advice on the manner of its performance will be out of season, or be thrown away on those of my readers who may be contemplating entering into the wedded state.

It must be remembered that I am writing to those who, I presume, have carefully weighed over and fully realized the character and consequences of the important step they are about to take, and have arrived at the conclusion that they are naturally adapted to promote each other's happiness, holiness, and usefulness, and that there is a reasonable prospect of their being able to secure the temporal support required by the new circumstances which marriage will bring to them. With this assurance they may safely consider, I think, that the proposed union will be in harmony with the will of God, and that it will secure His smile and command His blessing.

In these time permitted let me tender the few counsels that follow. Please bear in mind that I am writing to Salvationists—

SALVATION IS CHARACTER.

1. MY FIRST COUNSEL IS, HAVE A SALVATION ARMY WEDDING. This piece of advice may at first sound unnecessary. But it is not so. Little difficulties may come in the way when you make the announcement of your intention, and friends and relatives belonging to other religious denominations or professions or religion at all will often oppose the idea; but you must stand firm as a rock on your determination. There must be no compromise. Have an understanding between yourselves, and then carry it through. If people who would others as be present at the ceremony, or whom you would like to come, refuse to attend, you cannot help that. Tell them that on one of the most interesting and important occasions of your life, you cannot and will not turn your back on the people who have been so frequently blessed to you, whom you have taken for better or for worse, for time and for eternity, and whom you love better than life itself.

2. RESOLVE THAT, SO FAR AS YOU CAN PREVENT IT, NONE OF THE SILLY USAGES SO COMMONLY PREVALENT ON SUCH OCCASIONS SHALL DEGRADE THE CEREMONY. I do not mean that you should quarrel with friends who think there is any practical value in a sentence from throughout old slippers, and the like, or who imagine that such trivial customs are of service as expressing their good wishes for your future; but I do say that, as Salvationists, you should be above such foolish old wives' fables.

The same remark applies to the superstitious notions entertained by some people with respect to omens, or times and seasons. On no account would such persons be married on a Friday, while the hooting of a dog or the crowing of a cock at what they imagine to be an unseasonable hour, would be regarded by them as reliable signs of "bad luck" for the future. Away with all such nonsense from the mind of the Salvationist! To him all days are good days, suitable alike for God's worship or themselves, and which carry with them the approbation of God, and the assurance that none of the accidents of life can prevent the fulfilment of His gracious will.

A SEASON OF GLADNESS.

3. DETERMINE THAT THE CEREMONY ITSELF, AND THE PERIODS IMMEDIATELY GOING BEFORE AND FOLLOWING AFTER, SHALL, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, BE A SEASON OF GLADNESS. If there is an event in the natural course of a man or woman's life that should be bright and glad, surely it is the wedding day.

It is true that marriage is often the entrance to a good number and thorny path of the domestic life, and yet even the bitterness of life may be made better than the sour bitterness, unless it may bring to the children of either the bride or the bridegroom a sense of bitterness that the one they married which stands, but then does it not also bring with it a companion who will help to smooth the rugged path and carry the additional weight? Many trials may and will come in the body, new cribs and sorrows, but they will be shared and lightened by the sympathy and fellowship of the one most beloved on earth.

Moreover, with God the changed circumstances, subject as they will be at a time like this, by the enlargement of the heart and the entrance of a new element, provide new resources of joy and gladness in the future? Therefore banish from your minds all the little disappointments of the hour, exercise all the faith you can muster for the future, and calling together your kindred and friends, bid them be merry with you. Bring out the second wine, open the door, chink the loud cymbal, and let your voices be heard in praise and thanksgiving; and while time is spending the joy of your souls, do something towards creating gladness in the hearts of others.

"REMEMBER THE SORROWING."

Salvationists are not as a rule able to provide expensive feasts for the poor and the needy; but to the extent of their ability they should, on such occasions as those of which I am writing, see that some poor outcast, or some lonely widow, or some needy stranger, partakes of the crumbs that fall from their well-provided table.

That God desires the wedding day to be one of rejoicing is plainly set forth in the numerous allusions to it in His book.

Isaiah tell us "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee."

Jeremiah xxxiii. 11.—"The voice of joy and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride."

Moreover, He uses it to illustrate the delight He experiences when He wins the souls of men and women to Himself, which He so much desires.

A WHILE, HOWEVER, YOU SEEK THAT THE HOLY HOUR OF YOUR WEDDING DAY SHALL BE BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL, BEWARE OF LIGHTNESS AND FRIVOLITY. Human nature, we all know, is prone to extreme, and it is in view of legitimate gladness that the temptation to foolish jesting, joking, pleasantry and levity—things so unbecoming to saints and soldiers—most likely to lead them astray. I do not know that I have ever been a witness of such levity to any serious extent, for my presence on such occasions has always been prohibitive to prevent anything of the kind happening; but I have often heard stories of coarseness and jocularity which, while not having anything actually wrong in them, have been very unlike Salvationism, and consequently have grieved me greatly. Others and soldiers should be very careful to avoid such unseemly conduct.

SPIRITUAL PROFIT.

5. ARRANGE THAT THE PUBLIC CEREMONY SHALL, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, BE THE MEANS OF CONVEYING SOME SPIRITUAL BENEFIT TO YOUR OWN SOULS; AND, ABOVE ALL, TO THE COMRADES AND FRIENDS AND STRANGERS WHO MAY COME TO WITNESS IT. If you have accepted the principle described and laid down by the Apostle Paul when he says, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God," then this occasion, which I have shown to be one of the most interesting and important of your earthly history, ought to be so conducted, almost before all others, as to promote, in the highest degree possible, His saving purpose with regard to the perishing sons and daughters of men.

A wedding generally has an attraction for strangers and outsiders peculiar to itself. There are many people who will come to the religious ceremony connected with it, who would not ordinarily cross the threshold of a Salvation barracks. See to it, therefore, that all who come to see you married shall, if possible, receive some profit to their own souls in return.

God Will Bless You.

GOD will bless you—if you let Him—
But He'd have you understand,
He is jealous of your boasting
Of your strength from Egypt-land.
When He heals, you praise the doctor;
When He aids, you speak of skill:
And you please yourself at all times,
Rather than fulfill His will.

God will bless you—if you let Him—
But there are conditions which
You must willingly comply with
If you'd be what He calls rich.
Selfishness He can't encourage;
Pride He never will excuse;
Indolence, and self-indulgence—
He would have you be of use.

God will bless you—if you let Him—
And will bless your children, too,
If you really give them to Him,
As you know you ought to do.
He would have them save His children
Who to-day in darkness roam;
Follow His dear Son's example—
Go and bring the wand'rers home.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is the cordial of life, the healthy of our sorrows, and the multiplier of our joys; the source equally of animation and repose. He who is destitute of this blessing, amidst the greatest crowd and pressure of society, is doomed to solitude; and however surrounded with flatterers and admirers—however armed with power and rich in the endowments of nature and of fortune, has no resting-place. The most elevated station in life affords no exemption from those asperities and disquietudes, which can be laid to rest only on the bosom of a friend.—Robert Hall.

True friendship is a divine and spiritual relation of minds, an union of souls, a marriage of hearts, a harmony of design and affection, which begins founded on a known agreeableness, and entered into by a mutual hearty consent, groweth up into the purest kindness and most endearing love, maintaining itself by the opposite virtues, the warmest sympathy, and the closest secrecy; and such friends are as twins every way alike; or like sweet flowers, arrayed in beauty, though perhaps different in colors, like the rose and the lily, the primrose and the violet twined around one another, and mixing both colors and smells; or they may be compared to two pleasant rivulets, downward from one spring and a certain channel separated perhaps by some sticks of the ground, yet meeting again in some flowery meadow, which they bless by their cheerful and gentle meanders; and if may be, these separated again at some distance, when they glide along quietly murmuring now and then at one another, and mutually complaining of the rude banks that obstruct their course, until at length having run their full course, and becoming one stream, they pour themselves forth into the great ocean itself, and become one with it also. So that like the best of the bitter-sweets of this life, friendship has its ups and downs until it flows into heaven, from whence it took its rise, which is the consummation of all divine friendship, and where all true friends do at length happily meet, never to part.—Friendship.

Reprehension.

I wish not a friend if I should see my friend out of the way, and not advise him; I were unworthy to have a friend, if he should advise me, being in the way, and I be angry with him. Rather let me have my friend's anger than deserve it; rather let the ruddiness smite me friendly by reproof, than the poisons oil of flattery or commendation destroy me.—Warwick.

The man who is but an echo of the city may be a voice in the wilderness.

Down the Road of Crime.

A STORY OF THE MAKING AND MENDING OF A CRIMINAL.

By STAFF-CAPT. CUNNINGHAM.

To any who doubt the possibility of permanently reclaiming a criminal is dedicated this brief sketch of the life-history of Alec Shaw, Leeds, who, before he was fifty years of age, received sentences of imprisonment amounting in all to forty years.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Although in a moral sense, Alec was farm from guiltless in this case, yet, strictly speaking, the law had no claim upon him. Nevertheless, he was charged with acting as decoy for the men who actually committed the attack and robbery. One of these men was captured and placed in the dock with him. In spite of the efforts of the very clever criminal lawyer whom Alec engaged to conduct his case, he was sentenced to

Fifteen Years' Penal Servitude.

Now, considering that, so far as Glasgow police and judge knew, this was Alec's first offence, and further, that they produced no proof of his having any connection with the actual perpetrators of the crime, it certainly was a very heavy sentence indeed.

Alec was beside himself with rage, but all to no purpose. He had to be content with a petition to the Home Secretary for the reduction of the sentence on the plea that he was a first offender. He was then removed from Glasgow to Dartmoor.

One of the first men he noticed in the labouring-gang was the very Irishman who, years before as a boy, he had met in Armley Jail, who then told him that he had got so used to jail that it was no more hardship to him than going to a factory to work. By the badges on his prison-clothes Alec could see that he was then serving his third term of penal servitude! the natural outcome of such a callous, indifferent spirit.

CHAPTER V.

DAYBREAK.

The Salvation Army was in its infancy when, in 1880, Alec was sent to Dartmoor to begin his term of fifteen years' penal servitude. Up till that time he was unaware that such an organization was in existence. Among his fellow-prisoners, however, were many who, having but recently come in from the outside world, often referred—some in derision, and all in a more or less trifling spirit—to this extraordinary "Army." Topics for conversation other than their various specialities in crime were scarce among the prisoners, and Alec became deeply interested in the accounts he received of this strange people. The reminiscences to which he listened were not generally very creditable to the Salvationists, 'tis true, but Alec had knowledge [illegible] to value his information according to the source whence it came. He was told, for instance, all sorts of tales about mixed meetings conducted all night in the dark. The queer bonnets and caps with strange mottoes, the banners, and processions were all in turn held up to ridicule.

"But, look here, do these people do any good?" Alec demanded, discriminatingly, one day.

Satisfied on this point, he announced his intention as soon as he was released—as he still cherished the hope to be—of visiting these people for himself.

Liberty Again.

Year after year Alec had continued to petition the Home Secretary for a reduction of sentence. Not, be it noted, on the ground of his innocence of the crime with which he had been charged, but on the plea of over-severity, that being the only conviction recorded against him—which was true, so far as Glasgow was concerned. At last, after serving over ten years, he was one morning summoned before the Governor of the prison, and told that the Home Secretary had decided to remit the remainder of his sentence, amounting to four years and eight months. He was, however, still to remain on ticket-of-leave for eighteen months.

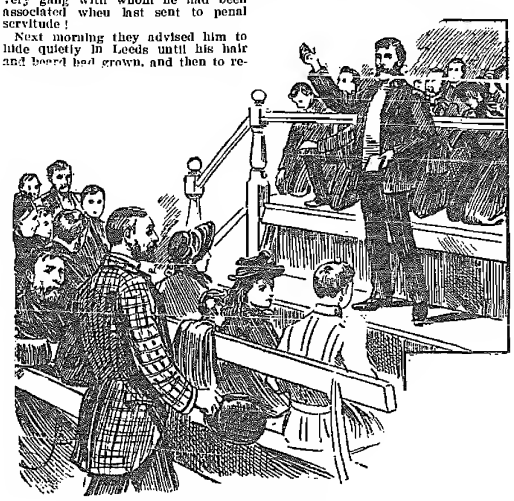
"Where am I going now?" Alec asked himself the question a score or more of times as he sat eating his dinner on the bed-board of the special cell to which he was now placed by virtue of his coming release.

"Glasgow won't do; Leeds is no good; got too many acquaintances in both of these places," he remarked to himself, with a grin. "Ireland! Blest if I don't try my luck there!"

However, he decided to pay at least a brief visit to Glasgow before crossing the Channel, just to let friends know he was about.

That night he was carried to bed helplessly drunk by a couple of the very gang with whom he had been associated when last sent to penal servitude!

Next morning they advised him to hide quietly in Leeds until his hair and beard had grown, and then to recommence life with them in Glasgow. He decided to do this, but on further reflection altered his mind, resolved to hold to his former [illegible], and after visiting Leeds to start a fresh career in Ireland.



"'This way out! This way out, my brother!' shouted the Captain again, above the sound of the chorus."

A Broken Appointment.

He left Glasgow and started for Leeds, by way of Liverpool, where he arranged with a "fence," or receiver of stolen property, to dispose of whatever goods he should be able to send him from Ireland. He then went on to Leeds for a few days. Of course, his old pals soon got to know of his arrival, and persuaded him, before leaving for Ireland, to join them on a little expedition they had planned to a gentleman's country seat, a couple of miles outside Bradford.

An hour or two before the time fixed on the night arranged, Alec stepped out of a bar where he had been drinking with a friend. Like a flash of light, without any conceivable cause, the thought of the purpose formed at Dartmoor of visiting the Salvation Army rushed across his mind. He had no engagement for an hour or two; he would find out this Army!

Enquiring of the first person he met on the street, he was directed to the North Street barracks.

The meeting had already begun, and Alec quickly dropped into a back seat, and watched the proceedings.

The testimony of one man made a great impression on him. Alec knew him to have been an utterly drunken, good-for-nothing boatman. The change in his appearance was so striking, and his testimony to his spiritual change so convincing, that Alec was deeply moved.

Divinely Arrested.

Then the Captain's wife (Mrs. Ted Russell) rose to read the Bible. Alec thought it was time he should be going in order to keep his appointment, yet did not feel able to move.

The address impressed him still further. He does not remember the text, but the Spirit of God so moved upon his heart that, though he rose to go three or four times, he was unable to leave the building.

The prayer meeting commenced, and many of the congregation left their seats. Alec also rose and stepped into the aisle. Capt. Russell stood on the platform inviting sinners to the Cross.

"This way out! This way out!" he shouted, beckoning with his hand as Alec stood undecided whether to resume his seat or go out.

Just at this critical moment Mrs. Russell started an old, old chorus that has been the soul-cry of many thousands of penitent sinners—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee,
Let the water and the blood
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure."

Alec had sung those same words as a boy every Sunday night in the quiet home of his pious grandparents; he had heard them hundreds of times in prison chapels, yet without once discovering in them the slightest suggestion of an expression of his soul's need. But to-night they searched the very depths of his being.

"This way out! This way out, my brother!" shouted the Captain again, above the sound of the chorus, stamping his feet on the penitent form to emphasize his words.

"This way out to seek salvation from the guilt and power of sin."

Scarce knowing what he did, Alec walked blindly up to the front, where he was directed to kneel at the form. Once there, after a minute he was able to collect his thoughts.

"Here's a go!" he remarked to himself. "What would my pals say if they knew that this is where I am instead of being with them?"

The Liberty of God.

"Give religion a fair trial; give God a chance to show you what He can do!" whispered a voice—whether of conscience within or someone without he did not know.

Several people came to speak with and try to help him, but all to no purpose. He was in a mental and spiritual fog, in which there was no light.

He went home to the house of an aunt that night, instead of going with his pals, as he had planned. Next morning, whilst he scarce knew what to make of himself, he certainly had no desire to seek out his companions, and he no longer had an appetite for drink. He could not understand his condition; nevertheless, he wisely went to the meeting again at night, and several following nights.

To the Captain he appeared to be a satisfactory case, and, after turning up to the prayer meeting, he was allowed, on Saturday night, to sit on the platform. During the progress of the meeting, while thinking of his position, he suddenly became conscious of a strange inward light. He mentioned the matter to no one, but retired to bed as usual.

At 1:30 on Sunday morning he woke and found himself crying, and praying, and praising God by turns. His emotion was so deep that he found it impossible to remain in the house. Dressing hastily, he betook himself to Woodhouse Moor, where he could shout and praise the goodness of God without interruption. Occupied thus, he paced the Moor until long after daybreak, and then went off to the barracks to give public expression at the knee-drill to his gratitude for his great deliverance.

(To be concluded next week.)

DOCTORS TURN PUPILS.

"The Story of a Young Man," is the title of an excellent biography of the boyhood and youth of Jesus Christ, by Clifford Howard, commencing in the October number of the Ladies' Home Journal. The description of Jesus in the Temple among the doctors is especially striking.

"In the midst of the assembly was the Boy Jesus. He was talking, and all were listening with rapt attention.

He was addressing the Rabbis, asking and answering questions, wholly unmindful of the audience about Him, and oblivious of the surprise and wonder He was creating. A boy, a country lad, discussing theology with the doctors, with the grey-haired scholars of the Temple!

His fair, young face was radiant with eager interest and intense earnestness, and His soft, expressive eyes were filled with the light of soulful intelligence. He talked not as a child, but as one of learning and mature judgment; and as the Rabbis, and those about them, listened to His words, which rose strong and clear in marvelous fluency, and clothed in the voice of angelic sweetness, they were lost in amazement at His wisdom and His eloquence. Never had one of His tender years been known to display such power of expression, such intelligence, such keen and logical perception, and so deep a knowledge of the Scriptures.

His listeners regarded Him in wondering admiration. None ventured to interrupt Him. General discussion was abandoned. Questions and arguments were forgotten. The school had become a profoundly-impressed audience. All interest was centred on the youth."

The Reward of Wrong-Doing.

No man, throughout his whole life, has ever been profited by wrong-doing. Somewhere or other God meets him. You may overreach your fellow-man; you may gain some ends; but happiness requires that a man shall have fulfilled the conditions of all his faculties, and not simply the conditions of one or two of them. Have you ever watched these men that gain by craft? I have. Here is a man that is old, and selfish, and sharp, and keen, and grasping; and he gets what he is after; but he is all dried up, so that when he gets it, it cannot do anything to him. Here is a man that earns his paltry thousand dollars, and he is really happy. Another man has twenty millions of dollars, and he is a wretch. Why? Because there is not a fibre left in him over which the hand of pleasure, drawing, can evoke sounds of happiness. He has unstrung himself. And what is he good for?—Henry Ward Beecher.

What I Saw and Heard in Old England.

A Description of My Trip to the Old Country.

By STAFF-CAPT. MAXTON.

(Continued from War Cry Nov. 3rd.)

During my stay of one week in London I visited a number of old historic places, among them St. Paul's Cathedral. Entering the front of the building one is at once struck with the massive grandeur, with its carved statues of the great and tombs of prominent men, amongst whom is General Gordon's, Wellington's, Lord Rodney's, and Lord Nelson's.

After taking a thorough survey of the main body of the Cathedral, I take a ticket (price 6d.) to enter the Whispering Gallery. This is situated in the dome and truly is a wonderful place. A man inside is deputed to explain all about it. For a few coppers you are given every instruction. That person said to me, "Please go round to the opposite side and put your ear to the wall. I will whisper to you." I did as I was told, and he whispered to me some of the history of this great structure.

The Cathedral was built in 1675—nine years after the great fire of London. It took 55 years to build, and it cost one and a-half millions of pounds sterling. It is 365 feet high, and 627 steps lead to its summit. By paying one shilling more you can go into the Golden Gallery above the dome, where you have a very good view of London. You can see the Crystal Palace, 12 miles distant from here. Sir Christopher Wren was the builder. We should not pass by the great library, with its thousands of wonderful books. Here you can see the account book kept by Sir Christopher Wren of each day's expense.

I left London for a visit to Bristol. Arriving there I met Commissioner Coombs, Brigadier Coughlin, Brigadier Ities, and Colonel Eadie, who were making arrangements for a

Big Day at the "Zoo."

I went to see a cousin, who was very glad to see me. I spent one week here, and I am glad to say I found my cousin and his wife both on their way to heaven. Our conversation can be well imagined after 43 years' absence. I paid a visit to Bristol I. corps, and, of course, had the privilege of speaking and giving "60 Years of Smiles and Tears." This is a great corps—wonderful crowds, everything very nice, orderly, and thoroughly Salvation Army. I went to see St. Mary Redcliff Church, built in the year 1200, which has within its walls some very old and wonderful tombs, one being William Cannings', a very rich merchant. He was three times Mayor of Bristol, and afterwards Dean of Westbury, and Priest for seven years. He built a college in the town of Westbury, and employed 800 workmen besides carpenters and masons. King Edward IV. had a grudge against him, and did fine him 3,000 marks to be at peace, also 2,470 tons of shipping. His quarrel with Edward IV. was that after his wife died Edward wanted him to marry another lady of his choosing, but he would not. His tomb is of alabaster, showing his head on a pillow, the pillow on the clasped Bible, his feet on the neck of the devil, and angels to protect his pillow. He died in 1474.

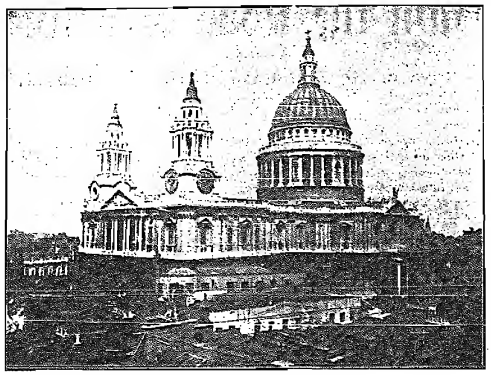
The pulpit of Bristol Cathedral is made entirely of brass, a gift by a pin-maker. The Bible rest also was made of the filings of brass pins, and presented to the Cathedral in 1638.

The Bristol Cathedral was built in 1142, and rebuilt in 1306. It is counted the grandest specimen of early English work in the Kingdom. The Norman Chapel dates from 1160 to 1162. Henry VIII. dissolved the Monastery in 1539, and made it a Bishopric. On January 4th, 1542, it was dedicated to the St. Augustine Black Friars, but when dissolved it became the Church of the Undivided Trinity.

The Hallelujah Fish Store.

We have a soldier here in Bristol who used to be a drunk. When he got converted he started a fish and poultry store, and to-day he has one of the finest businesses in the country. His store is festooned with Scripture texts. No one need make any mistake as to what religious organization Bro. Hooper belongs, for he is a Blood-and-Fire Salvationist.

(To be continued.)



ST. PAUL'S FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

DON'T LISTEN TO US

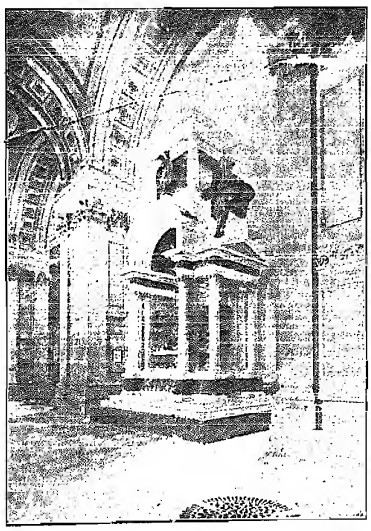
It is not what WE say, but ask THOSE who have been to the recent Officers' Councils and have seen the magnificent

SUPPLEMENT TO THE CHRISTMAS WAR CRY.

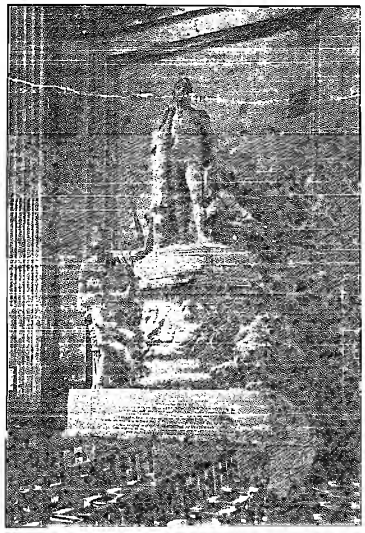
THEY will tell you that it is well worth framing. It is an excellent copy of the picture which was thrown on the screen at the Commissioner's recent Massey Hall Meeting,

"TOWARD A BETTER WORLD."

Be sure that you get one with your Xmas Cry.



THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT, ST. PAUL'S.



THE MONUMENT OF LORD NELSON, ST. PAUL'S.

THE BLACKBIRD IN THE SLUMS.

By MAJOR BOND.

It chanced one day that I, with heart oppress,
And spirit 'whelmed with anxious cares of life,
Did long in Heaven to find eternal rest,
And let the grave bring end to worldly strife.

'Twas thus I mused, when on my dullard ear,
As through a London slum I picked my way,
There fell a sound I had not thought to hear
In that vile place—it was a blackbird's lay.

So strong, so clear, so rich, the bird's tone rang,
As though in copse 'twere perched by mate in nest,
And sought by trills and the sweet songs it sang
To cheer the one it aye had loved the best.

But there it hung, 'neath garret window-sill,
In wretched cage—a prisoner close confined.
No sun, no turf, no water from the rill,
And still it sang, nor, could I see, repined.

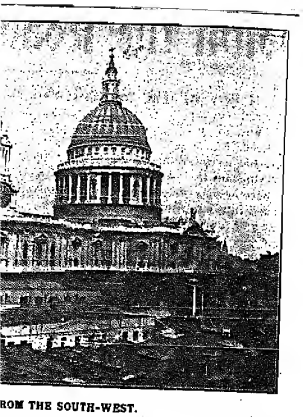
And yet that bird had drunk the dew of morn;
That yellow beak had pecked the blushing peach;
Those wings had o'er the flowery fields it borne;
That song its young the bird once loved to teach.

Oh, happy bird, that canst in good or ill
Thy Maker praise in song of sweetest tone!
Thee instincts teach His mission to fulfil,
And whatever comes to sing "Thy will be done."

I, too, have lived on sweets in shady bowers—
'Twas easy then to sing my Master's praise;
But times have changed—my much-prized sweets are sour,
And song hath ceased, since come have evil days.

Teach me, O God, to sing through good and ill!
Thou taught'st that bird—and Thou hast both us made.
Help me to trust—to bend me to Thy will,
So come what may, my faith on Thee be stayed.

Will amongst us is there who does not recollect hours of bitter, bitter, childish grief? Who feels injustice? who shrinks from before a slight? who has a sense of wrong so acute and so glorious a gratitude for kindness as a generous boy?



ROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

THE BLACKBIRD IN THE SLUMS.

By MAJOR BOND.

It chanced one day that I, with heart opprest,
And spirit 'whelmed with anxious cares of life,
Did long in Heaven to find eternal rest,
And let the grave bring end to worldly strife.

'Twas thus I mused, when on my dullard car,
As through a London slum I picked my way,
There fell a sound I had not thought to hear
In that vile place—it was a blackbird's lay.

So strong, so clear, so rich, the bird's tone rang,
As though in copse 'twere perched by mate in nest,
And sought by trills and the sweet songs it sang
To cheer the one it aye had loved the best.

But there it hung, 'neath garret window-sill,
In wretched cage—a prisoner close confined.
No sun, no turf, no water from the rill,
And still it sang, nor, could I see, repined.

And yet that bird had drunk the dew of morn;
That yellow beak had pecked the blushing peach;
Those wings had o'er the flowery fields it borne;
That song its young the bird once loved to teach.

Oh, happy bird, that canst in good or ill
Thy Maker praise in song of sweetest tone!
Thee instincts teach His mission to fulfil,
And whate'er comes to sing "Thy will be done."

I, too, have lived on sweets in simply bowers—
'Twas easy then to sing my Master's praise:
But times have changed—my much-prized sweets are sour,
And song hath ceased, since come have evil days.

Teach me, O God, to sing through good and ill!
Thou taught'st that bird—and Thou hast both us made.
Help me to trust—to bend me to Thy will,
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Who amongst us is there who does not recollect hours of bitter, bitter, childish grief? Who feels injustice? who shrinks from before a slight? who has a sense of wrong so acute and so glorious a gratitude for kindness as a generous boy?

REASON

Reason is the God-given light of the soul. If we seek to do the things of God: righteousness, justice, mercy, truth, and so on—reason will be clear and keen, but when man wanders from God and seeks his own path, delighting in transgressions, his reason becomes unreliable in things spiritual, although it may be sharp in matters of worldly business.

God has given man his sphere of free will; within that circle man is sovereign, and can do as he will, and he will have to give his account to God for it. But outside that sphere God interferes whenever man presumes to meddle with God's designs. Nebuchadnezzar is an example of it. When he presumed upon God's government and defied the Almighty, Jehovah's breath blew out the flickering light of reason, and the mighty monarch who had built that great Babylon and ruled that wide empire, became even as the beast of the field. He no longer walked even uprightly as the meanest of his slaves, but crawled in the dust and became the horror of his subjects, as well as the target of the jokes of his courtiers.

No man can defy God to His face and triumph. Nebuchadnezzar was thoroughly humbled and repented, then his reason was restored and he became man again.

Yet so forgetful is man of the fearful examples of God's judgments that even Belshazzar, the son of Nebuchadnezzar, became a most careless and blasphemous ruler, courting a fearful doom.

Sinner, cease your blasphemous trifling with a God Who will not be mocked.—Soph.

It is not what you lose, but what you have daily to bear, that is hard.

Notes Picked Up IN TORONTO.

'Twas Sunday afternoon at the Toronto Temple. The meeting was over. I stood outside talking with several friends. A drunken couple came along, perhaps man and wife, perhaps not. The woman stumbled and fell, breaking her bottle on the pavement, and cutting a gash in her lip. There, on that fair Sabbath afternoon, in the City of Churches, she lay on the street, liquor flowing over the pavement about her, blood streaming from her wounded face, and just between the magnificent City Hall and the Salvation Temple. I could not help but pray, God hasten the day when religious and civil powers will join hand in hand to stamp out the cursed drink.

As I walked down Yonge St. on the Sabbath before the welcome home of "Our Boys," and looked at all the decorations, my soul was much blessed as I thought of the great welcome home to the ransomed at last. Christ Himself declares it shall be said to them, "Well done!"

The great procession was over and 'Our Boys" were going to their homes. One was passing along one of the streets. "Well done!" shouted some of the people. "God bless you," answered the soldier. I thought, "Well done indeed, a noble answer." Earth shouted her "Well done" for the heroic life on the sands of Africa, and heaven smiled its "Well done," for the way the hero met the applause on the streets of Toronto.

I always knew the Army was right in the enthusiasm of its religion. I noticed dignity of the stiff type was forgotten on Toronto streets; some people leaped in the air, thousands shouted themselves hoarse. Why? Because they had something to shout about. "Our Boys" were home again. The reason Army people shout, and sometimes dance, is they have something to make a noise about, not just once in a lifetime, but every day in life. I don't blame people for being quiet who have nothing to shout about.

I guess I must have a good deal of the military spirit in me, for I have often felt very heroic and brave while sitting beside the coal stove after a good dinner.

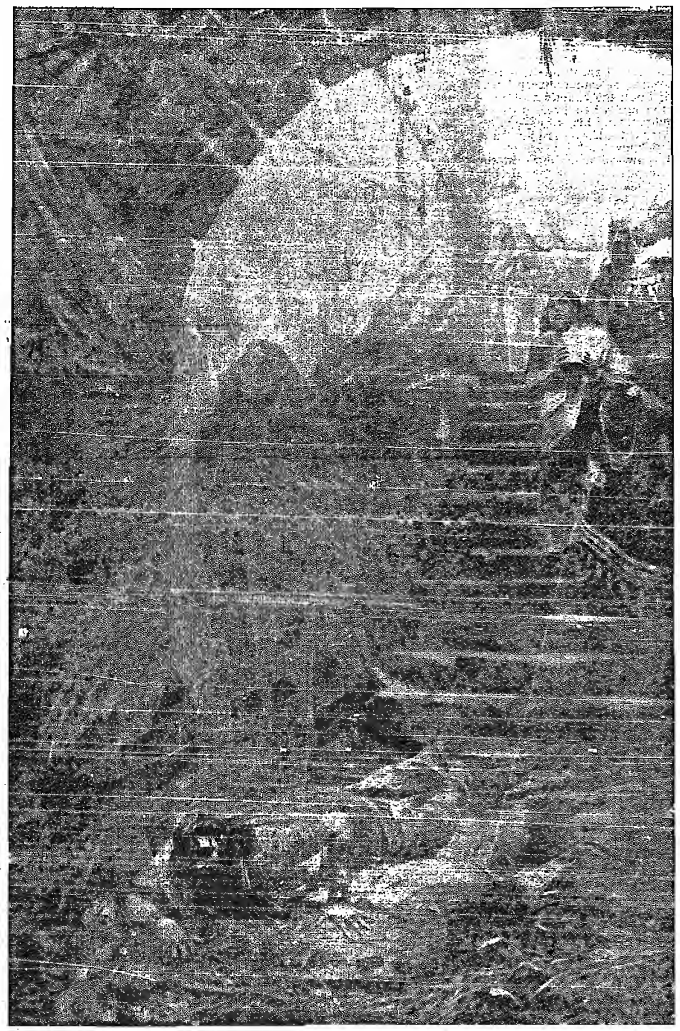
Amongst the many decorations, I noticed one on a hotel, "Welcome Our Brave Boys," and just beneath it was a theatre bill announcing a play called "Man's Enemy." I don't think the manager could have noticed how the two things went together. As they appeared there they formed a true satire on the saloon. Truly the saloon says, "Welcome, Brave Boys," welcome to drink, and death, and shame, and hell. Oh, thou enemy of the brave boys. May God soon blot thee out from under heaven.

Another motto, in straggling letters, said, "Welcome, Brave Lads," and underneath the advertisement of a coal and wood office. I thought, now that is the right kind of a welcome. Welcome to health and warmth, comfort, life, and good cheer.

There are two ways of doing everything, a right and a wrong. I was in a certain city at the departure of the "Strathcona Horse." A young man stepped into the place allotted for the procession. A policeman roughly ordered him back, and before he had time to obey, gave him a fierce shove, following it up with a blow which sent his hat flying into the street. It was a mean cowardly act, and the crowd hissed and jeered the lawless administrator of law. At Toronto demonstration, I noticed a policeman forcing the people back over and over again, but always with a merry smile and a cheerful sally for all who spoke to him. We carried away feeling love in our hearts for the man who made us obey, but did it so good-naturedly.

As I write these few notes on the truth, hurrying back to my ordinary work, I feel almost happy enough to burst (excuse the expression). The service of our Christ is glorious, glorious, glorious! He is so faithful to His promises, so tender, so loving, so kind, and offers to His people such a glorious reward.—Fare ye well. Jos. Parker, Ensign.

Peter found trouble because he was more anxious about standing near the fire in the court than standing by his Lord.



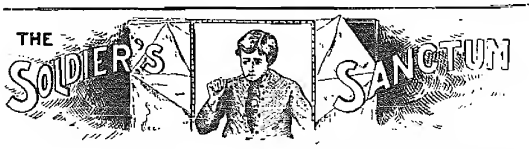
THE MADNESS OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

"The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar: and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws."—Daniel iv. 33.

IMPORTANT TO FRIENDS OF THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL.

THE COMMISSIONER will deeply appreciate any gifts of money, food, clothing, or suitable books for the blessing of the Rescue Homes. Parcels should be addressed (prepaid) to any of the following Homes:—

"The Evangeline Home for Children," 68 Farley Ave., Toronto.
"The Industrial Home," 946 Yonge St., Toronto.
"The Working Women's Home," 74 Agnes St., Toronto.
"Port Hope" Rescue Home, Riverview Ave., London, Ont.
"The Homestead," 95 St. James St., St. John, N.B.
"Liberty Hall," 243 St. Antoine St., Montreal, P.Q.
"Port Rescue," 466 Yonge St., Winnipeg, Man.
"The Bridge," 21 Windsor St., Halifax, N.S.
"The Anchorage," 16 Cook St., St. John, Nfld.
"Redemption Home," 64 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont.
"Hope Hall," 566 Main St. E., Hamilton, Ont.
"Montana State Home," 310 West Copper St., Butte, Mont., U.S.A.
"Liberty Home," 219 Chandler St., Spokane, Wash., U.S.A.
"Mercy Home," 420 Pombry St., Vancouver, B.C.
"Beulah Hall," Wesleyan Women's Home, 14 St. Monique St., Montreal, P.Q.



Verse Topics.

KEEP ENTHUSIASTIC.

A joyful service cannot be otherwise than an enthusiastic one. The Christian (London), in a recent note on the dangers besetting theologians, adds the following note: "We know of ministers who have bewailed the loss of power over their people, wondering what the reason could be. They worked harder than ever over their sermons, and preached them with all the resources of their mind and body, and yet their words fell dead on the congregation. The reason, hidden from them, would be patent enough to others. The trouble lay in the loss of enthusiasm, in the lowered note of personal conviction and realization, which was the result of too great an outward familiarity with the great facts and truths of the Gospel, unvitalized by ever fresh contact with the perennial springs of faith and love. Those who handle the things of the altar have need of an altar in the heart on which the sacred fire never dies down."—The Faithful Witness.

Daily Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"The joy of the Lord is your strength."—Neh. viii. 10.

Well did Nehemiah say to the weeping Israelites: "This day is holy unto the Lord your God: mourn not, nor weep." When God is near there is no need for sorrow; it is decidedly an occasion for joy. It is the joyful heart that is strong and active, and is the enemy of gloom and despair.

MONDAY.—"The joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment."—Job xx. 5.

While the joy of the Lord is the strength of the faithful disciple, the hypocrite's joy is short-lived, because it is an unholy joy, delighting in that which is false and wicked. All things that have not their origin in God and His truth are doomed to death.

TUESDAY.—"Sorrow is turned into joy before Him."—Job xli. 22.

Job was cast down to the depth of loathing and suffering, yet in it all did he recognize the hand of God, and when accused of hypocrisy he was sure that God would come and turn his sorrow into joy. Never yet has God forsaken the oppressed who trusted in Him.

WEDNESDAY.—"In Thy presence is fullness of joy."—Ps. xvi. 11.

If we lack joy in our lives let us seek the presence of God, and at His touch our souls will thrill with holy joy. There is the fullness of it, because God is the spring of all our joys.

THURSDAY.—"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. xxx. 5.

While in this world we shall not escape testing times; they are necessary for our development. Darkness will overtake us, when our faith only can guide us. But the light will shine again and appear the more glorious, because our eyes have longed for it, and see its beauties at which we formerly but glanced.

FRIDAY.—"It is joy to the just to do judgment."—Prov. xxi. 15.

Here we have the secret of the successful life of the righteous. The wicked seek to imitate the righteous, and every act of goodness becomes irksome and difficult, but the children of God delight in the doing of God's will, because they understand its beauty, and their service comes from a joyful heart.

SATURDAY.—"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of Salvation."—Isa. xii. 3.

The water of life is free to all, but joy is the rope which draws the bucket, for joy spells thankfulness. He who appreciates God's gifts can but be joyful when receiving them.

BAD MANNERS.

"An American Mother" writes a very interesting and instructive article in the November number of the Ladies' Home Journal, on "Has the American Bad Manners?" which might be read with profit and instruction by many. We give an interesting extract herewith.

"There is another class whose bad manners are usually even more aggressive. They are the men whose work gives them a little authority—conductors on street cars, ticket sellers, agents, etc. I speak of the majority; there are, of course, exceptions.

"Do not think me exacting. I have reached the age when every rational being understands his own significance. After fifty, if you are not quite a fool, you know that you are only a unit in the swarming millions on the earth. Except to three or four people, you are of no importance whatever. Once be sure of this and you can bear neglect or rudeness with equanimity.

"And yet, when I go to London, and the saleswomen meet me with their soft voices and anxious courtesy, and even the conductor of the 'bus touches his hat when he asks for my fare, I feel a certain warmth at heart, quite new and comforting. I go on my way, and the Swiss laundress, whom I have known for ten minutes, bids me bon voyage on departing, and hopes that I shall find my family well and happy. In Tuscany the whole population meet me as though they had been waiting for me for years; my cook always comes to bid me good-night, praying the virgin to bless my grey hairs; every facchino who carries a parcel for me counts himself thereafter as my personal friend. In a month I have hosts of colleagues among shopmen, servants, and beggars, I like them, and they like me. I begin to fancy that the world, after all, can be cheery and gay, and its swarming millions friendly together.

"Then I come home. Why should the world suddenly turn its cold shoulder to me? Why should cooks, plumbers, and car drivers treat me with defiant superiority? I am not claiming equality with them.

"Why, when I stop a trolley car, should the conductor yell, 'Hurry up!' at me as if I were a slave, picking cotton? When I mildly beg, 'Stop here, please,' he stares ahead and refuses to reply even by a nod, leaving me to stagger out, not knowing whether the car will stop or not. Why should another conductor thump me on the back for my fare? Why should I any stranger dare to lay a finger on another? Among civilized nations the person is considered sacred.

"I once saw a mulatto porter on a Pullman car push roughly between two old men who were talking earnestly. He did this three times without rebuke. They happened to be Cabinet Ministers, but recognized the right of the official to be rude and did not protest.

"I protest. Officials are the servants, not the masters, of the public. Car conductors do not own the roads, nor the passengers.

"After all, you and I, like the cooks, and the plumbers, and salespeople, and conductors, are at heart honest, kind folk, ready in time of need to do each other a good turn. Then why, in the name of common sense, should the desire for social equality make us shrill, rude, and vulgar?

"Why?"

Why He Quit the Business.

A man who keeps a restaurant has his two children wait on the table.

One of them is a boy about ten years of age.

A customer was attracted by the quickness of the little fellow, and said, "You have a splendid waiter."

"Yes," said the proprietor, "he is my son. I used to sell liquor but he made me quit it."

"How?" asked the visitor.

The father told the story. The boy had come home one day, and said: "Papa, we boys at school had a talk to-day about the business of our parents. Each fellow was asked, 'What does your father do?' One said, 'My father works.' Another said, 'My father keeps a store.' I said, 'My father sells liquor.' 'That's the meanest business on earth,' said one of the boys. Father, is that so?"

And the father said, "Yes, John, it is, and, God helping me, I will get out of it." And he did so.—Young People's Paper.

What a Soldier Should Know

Do You Appreciate the War Cry?

The Army publications have had a very large share in accomplishing the marvelous results that have everywhere attended our operations. No newspaper that was ever published has done, or is doing, so much real and abiding salvation work as the War Cry. This is asserted without fear of contradiction, consequently every soldier does God service and helps on the salvation of the world by pushing its sale.

Every number of the War Cry contains straightforward Gospel truth, written in the plainest language, and put in an interesting form; it must also be remembered that the War Cry is generally kept and taken home by the purchaser, so that it is quite safe to assume that every copy sold is read by three or four persons at least, whom you could in no other way get at that day about their souls.

It is Worth the Money.

So far as receiving money for it is concerned—to which some people take exception—there is really no difference in principle between a man giving you a penny for a War Cry, and his putting a penny in the collection to help to pay the rent of the hall. Do not argue about the Sunday sale of the War Cry, but simply claim your liberty thus to do good on the Lord's Day, leaving any, who think it wrong, to take their own course, provided they let you act up to your own conscientious convictions.

A Soldier's Part in Circulating the Cry.

To carry out these instructions successfully, the soldier should:—

(a) Buy a copy.

(b) Read the paper himself, so as to be able to describe its contents and recommend it to others.

(c) Persuade the members of his own family, his relatives, workmates, neighbors, and the shop-keepers with whom he deals, to buy it. Offer to supply them with it himself every week.

(d) Join a War Cry Brigade, if possible, and take such duties as are assigned him by his sergeant.

(e) If he is not in a brigade, he should take a bundle weekly and visit the public-houses, or sell them in the streets, or wherever he has the opportunity.

(f) Anyway, every soldier should make it a solemn duty to circulate every week either a small or a large quantity of the paper.

I have not tasted beer, wine, or spirituous liquor since 1861, and I know that total abstinence from alcoholic liquors has been the cause of perfect health with me up to the present day. I have cruised in all parts of the world; ate the fruits of the country without limit, at all hours of the day and night; drank the water from shore at will; but have never experienced any evil results, due entirely, I think to total abstinence.—Rear-Admiral Phillip.

ABOUT FOOD.

By THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

(Continued.)

Another useful fruit of this class is the prune. It is a kind of dried plum, and, stewed with water and a little sugar, is excellent. The less sugar in cooked fruit of all kinds the better! Many people who now find stewed fruit disagree with them would have no further trouble if they could get it cooked without sugar. Prunes are rich and should not be taken too freely. They are very useful as a corrective for constipation. They cost from 4d. to 6d. a pound; they should be looked over and the unsound ones removed before cooking.

Perhaps I ought to have placed bananas amongst the fresh fruits, for, although they are preserved, they are also fresh. They are a useful fruit, but I consider they are, in this country, very expensive, and do not give anything like as good a return for the money as do the other fruits I have named. They are, however, extremely useful in sickness, especially for all kinds of bowel troubles. I believe remarkable results have been obtained in dysentery when the patients have been dieted exclusively on bananas and milk. Bananas can be given to very young children and infants with advantage—but they should be ripe.

Water melons (or pumpkins) are excellent, both as food and for purifying the blood. They are now to be obtained almost anywhere at a very low price, and eaten with a little white sugar are delicious. They often cure those who are suffering from evils caused by an over-taxed stomach, and a diet of water melons and brown bread for a day or two in hot weather would often prove most delightful.

Tomatoes are of the highest value. They are exceedingly tasty, and toasted or baked in their skins (this is much better than boiling) make a nourishing and wholesome food. I prefer them sliced, and baked or fried on a quick fire and served on toast. Sound tomatoes of the small varieties can now be obtained during several months of the year, at from 2d. to 4d. a pound. Those grown abroad are quite as useful as the others, if sound, and they are often cheaper.

Of late years some very useful additions have been made to our fruit dietary in the shape of dried and tinned fruits. The value of these is felt most in winter, when ordinary fresh fruit cannot be obtained. The best are, in my opinion, what are called evaporated fruits—that is, fruits from which the moisture has been extracted, and being dry, they keep good for a long time. They are usually cheap and can be prepared very easily.

Apple-rings, normandy pippins, and dried apricots, among these, are very useful, and can be obtained from any good grocer. They need to be soaked in cold water for a few hours before cooking. The apple-rings I can strongly recommend. They are much better and cheaper, as well as more wholesome than either tinned apples or the apple jellies.

The tinned fruits are, as a whole, good, but they have one great drawback—they are, as a rule, very sweet. To those, however, who do not find them disagree on this account, they will be found excellent food. The tinned pine-apple chunks are very useful and strengthening, and are cheaper, in proportion, than other fruits, but the tinned apples, pears, plums, and greengages are all good. Tamarinds are very tasty and will be greatly enjoyed by children. They can be had in 1-lb. jars at 4½d. or 5d. each, and make quite a luxury with boiled rice or wheaten pudding. Tinned fruits should always bear the name of the preserver on the tins. A little experience will teach what is best.

(To be continued.)

Oh, be humble, my brother, in your prosperity! Be gentle with those who are less lucky, if not more deserving. Think what right have you to be scornful, whose virtue is a deficiency of temptation, whose prosperity is a satire?

ABOUT FOOD.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

(Continued.)

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THE SECRET OF
Successful Soul-Saving

By MAJOR GEO. WOOD, Honolulu.

Solomon said, "He that winneth souls is wise," and I do not think there can be a doubt in any of our minds this morning, that a person cannot have any higher calling in this life than that of a soul-saver, a man or woman, whose life, time, talents, all are set apart for the special work of extending the interests of the Kingdom of God in the hearts and lives of human beings. It is a vocation, methinks, which even the angels of heaven would envy us if such holy beings could be subject to such an earthly feeling.

I think of all the subjects requiring our attention as co-workers with God, there can be none deserving it more than that of successful soul-saving. When in business, before giving up my life to the work, I always carefully watched and studied the methods of others, and where I could improve on them to advantage, I did so; I aimed to be a successful business man. During the twelve years I have been working for God, I have gone on the same line; the one important question has been, "How can I better win souls? How can I get hold of the greatest number?" so that this paper echoes some of the workings of my mind during these years on this important problem.

If any of my remarks may seem extreme, let this be my apology, that, seeing the agencies of the devil are working night and day incessantly to damn the precious souls for whom Christ shed His blood, we, as God's ambassadors, need to be equally as out-and-out, as energetic, as alive in the interests of the Master under Whose banner of love we are to-day marching.

Our beloved General, Rev. Wm. Booth, has given us, as one of his favorite mottoes, "Go for souls, and go for the worst," and in that "go" we have one of the principles of soul-saving. Christ said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." If the people will not come to us, we must go to them. We are our brothers' keepers. It will not do for us to sit in a rocking-chair and sing, "Rescue the perishing, care for the dying," we shall have to roll up our sleeves and get to work. Some of these heavenly diamonds are deep down in the filth and mire of sin, and it may be disagreeable work to handle them, but we shall be more than repaid for all our efforts when we see them shining around the throne, singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

I remember hearing a certain prominent minister say that in his opinion the distance between some ministers of the Gospel and success as soul-winners was simply

The Distance Between Pulpit and Front Door.

They were content to preach to a church full of empty pews, when by a little exertion outside, where teeming, godless, careless multitudes were to be found, they might get their churches crowded. "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain."

We need to face the fact that the majority of people are not naturally religious; they are carnally minded. David said truly, "We are born in sin, and shapen in iniquity." Some, perhaps, through good Christian environments, may be religiously inclined; but the natural tendency of man is downward, away from God. The heart is deceitful and desperately wicked, and from the heart spring all the issues of life. The carnal mind is enmity against God. The sinner does not want anything to do with religion, he always associates it with a long face and imagines it will make his life miserable. If we wait until he comes to us we may wait for ever. Salvation, in many cases, has to be forced upon his attention.

St. Paul says, "How shall they believe in Him of Whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" So that the simple propositions are first—the sinner has got to be told about the plan of salvation before he can accept that which he either knows nothing of, or is prejudiced against. Second—in order for him to hear, it is necessary for someone to shoulder the responsibility of carrying the message. Third, and most important of all,

The Preacher Must Himself Believe

in the message and the Divine call to carry it, must feel its truth. Heaven, hell, and the coming judgment must be to him, not mere phrases or words, but unanswerable realities. He must be a divine man, wholly consecrated to the will of God; in short, he must be sent.

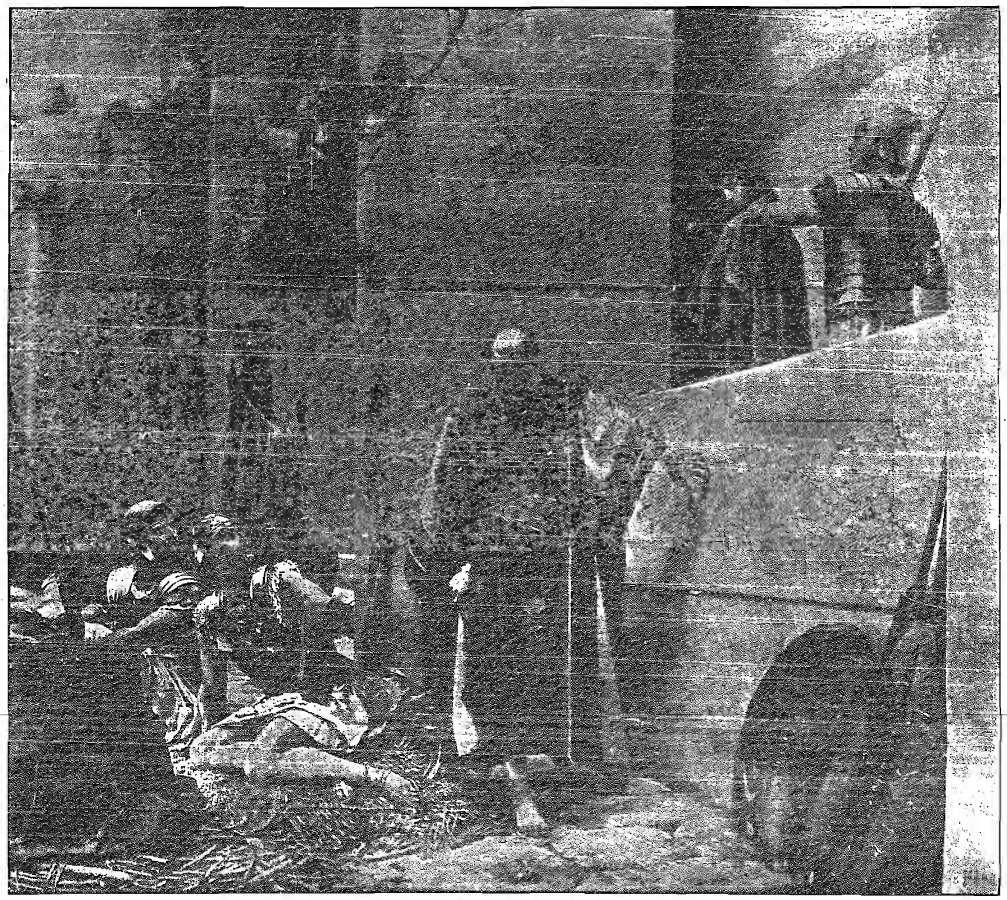
The ancient prophets all realized a definite call; without it they could not have gone through all they did. Isaiah felt the live coal from off the altar touch his lips, purging him from inbred sin and sanctifying him for service, so that he was able to say, "Here am I, Lord, send me!" The command of Jesus to His disciples was, "Tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." He knew very well that without this power they could accomplish nothing. It was to be, presumably, the qualification for service in His Kingdom.

We know what the result of that tarrying until Pentecost was. We know that the Holy Ghost descended upon these waiting souls in that upper room. We know that illiterate as they were, they went out in its power and spoke with other tongues, so that the first results were three thousand conversions in one day. Granted that these people had been tremendously worked upon by the events of the past weeks, that scene on Calvary, the dying Son of God; the blackness and darkness, the opening of the tomb; the rent veil; the miraculous resurrection of the Saviour, and His appearance to multitudes. But without the power of God nothing would have come of it. Could Peter, he who

Before the Pointed Finger of a Girl

cursed and swore and denied the Christ, have delivered such a soul-stirring sermon as the world has never since heard? Could he have relied for faith and prayer upon that Thomas who, before Pentecost, had to be convinced by nothing short of the sight of those precious hands and mutilated side, and would he have received any help from the rest of the eleven who, when the great crisis came, had been found wanting?

(To be continued.)



"PETER, WHO BEFORE THE POINTED FINGER OF A GIRL, CURSED AND SWORE AND DENIED CHRIST."

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Lieut. Marshall to be Captain at Feversham.

Lieut. Long, Skagway, to be Captain.

APPOINTMENTS—

ADJT. BOGGS, furlough, to Bonavista Corps and District.

ENSIGN SNOW, Bonavista, to Tilt Cove Corps and District.

ENSIGN GOSLING, Tilt Cove, to Twillingate Corps and District.

ENSIGN COOPER, Twillingate, to Grand Bank Corps and Southern District.

ENSIGN SPARKS, Carbonear, to Greenspond Corps and District.

ENSIGN BROWN, Greenspond, to Carbonear Corps and District.

ENSIGN BAKER, St. Johns Men's Social, to Bonne Bay Corps and District.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

WM BOOTH GENERAL
WAR CRY
EVANGELINE BOOTH COMMISSIONER

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Individual Contact.

The world will be saved by individual contact of saint with sinner. Meetings, marches, and open-air preaching all serve their good purpose, but it is personal contact that brings about conviction, conversion, and assists the new-born soul in its first steps towards heaven. We know well that personal dealing can help the befogged brain of the drunkard, enlighten the darkness of the ignorant criminal and unravel the refined entanglement of the "moral" and intelligent unbeliever. Personal dealing brings man face to face with man and quickly finds the approachable spot in a heart that has steeled itself against religion. Personal dealing only can bring to bear upon a hardened life the melting influence of sympathy, and personal looking-after will keep the converts—and here is the secret of the slow progress of Christianity: the want of looking after young converts—the neglect to feed the lambs!

THE CHIEF SECRETARY AT CHATHAM.

NEW BARRACKS OPENED.

(By wire.)

Triumphant gatherings at opening of Chatham barracks by Chief Secretary. Great manifestation of Pentecostal power. Twelve souls at Mercy Seat for day.—Major McMillan.

Sixty-even Lieutenants have just been commissioned in Stockholm for the Swedish Field.

Italy's Harvest Festival result has more than doubled that of last year. Brigadier Cilliborn is naturally very much encouraged by this success.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Colonel Sturgess, the City Colony Governor, has narrowly escaped a very serious breakdown, and there is much rejoicing among the City Colony forces at his steady progress towards complete recovery.

Our Salvage Department has collected nearly five thousand tons of waste paper and rags from various business houses in and around London during the last twelve months. This collecting has provided outdoor employment for an average of fifty or sixty men weekly, and the sorting of this material in our Elevators finds employment for some 160 men per week, the majority of whom would otherwise have been homeless and destitute.

An average of 350 discharged prisoners per week are met at the prison-gates by our officers, and personally invited to our London Prison-Gate Home, where food and work await them, and from whence they can make a new start in life.

UNITED STATES.

In connection with the National Staff Councils, to be held in New York, will be the marriage of Lieut.-Colonel Alice Lewis to Staff-Capt. Johnson, the Auxiliary Secretary. Lieut.-Col. Lewis is well known as the Consul's Private Secretary. The Staff-Captain is not so well known in America, as much of his Army service has been rendered in foreign lands. The ceremony will be conducted by the Commander, in the Memorial Hall, on Dec. 19th.

On his return from the Old Country, the Commander received a loyal and hearty welcome from the Headquarters' Staff.

Brigadier Stephen Morshall, who has charge of the Northern Pacific Division, is making his farewell tour.

AUSTRALASIA.

A sudden conflagration has just destroyed the Men's Training Home, at Richmond. The Cadets had a miraculous escape, and lost all their personal belongings. The origin of the fire is surrounded in mystery.

In the Wesleyan Church, Bowral, on a recent Sunday evening, the Rev. M. Maddern devoted a whole sermon to "General Booth and the Salvation Army," being one of a series of sermons on "Modern Heroes of Faith."

The Commandant is suffering from another unfortunate attack of his old enemy, rheumatism, coupled with heart weakness, and has been compelled to cancel several important fixtures.

The regulation summer uniform of our Australian comrades is khaki. The Australian summer is fast approaching.

The Commandant is putting forth a special effort to secure 200 Candidates, which has been termed the Commonwealth Contingent.

SOUTH AFRICA.

It is just twelve months since Commissioner Kilbey took command of the Army's operations in South Africa.

The health of Major Swain is far from satisfactory. Evidently the roughing of the past twelve months is now beginning to tell upon him.

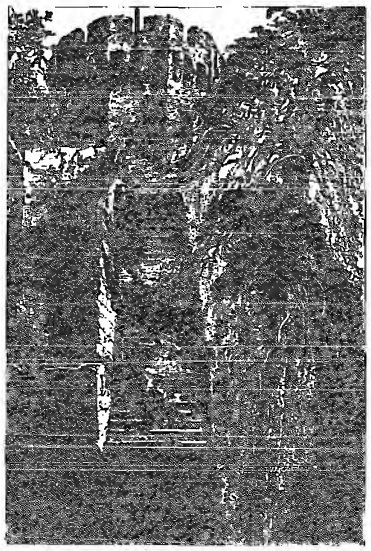
Accompanied by the Chief Secretary, Commissioner Kilbey is taking an extensive tour in Natal and Zululand. They have had some highly-successful meetings.

Mrs. Commissioner Kilbey and her assistants continue to do much useful work weekly in hospital and prison visitation round and about Cape Town.

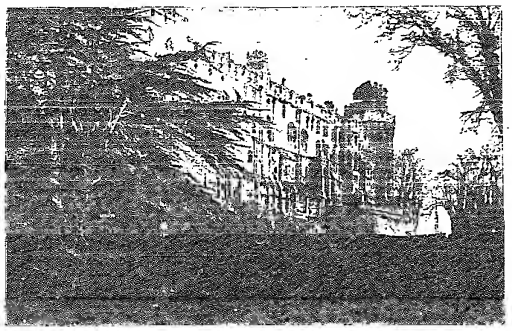
COSMOPOLITAN.

The Dutch Parliament have not been slow to officially recognize the work which the Salvation Army Rescue Officers are doing; they have recently voted two thousand kroner per annum for five years towards the expenses of the Home in Copenhagen.

There is reason for believing that the Kaiser is well acquainted with the Army's work in the Fatherland. The other day a Lieutenant, who had been fined for selling his papers in a recent



GUY'S TOWER AND THE WALLS OF WARWICK CASTLE, ENGLAND.



WARWICK CASTLE, ENGLAND.

town without a license, wrote to His Majesty about the matter. He was subsequently informed by the police that his fine had been remitted, and he was presented with a license free!

A certain German-Swiss clergyman, finding that, apparently, no results were following his ministry, and no one was being converted to God, called his deacons together and announced that, unless there were some conversions during the following twelve months he had determined to close the church. A year passed, and not one individual professed to find Christ. In the meantime, however, the clergyman had re-considered his decision. Calling his elders together again, he told them he had decided that instead of shutting up the church building, he proposed to hand it over to the Salvation Army. He did so, and the Army took possession a few weeks ago. The officers are confident that they will shortly see a great break in the ranks of the unsaved.

THE GENERAL IN GERMANY.

A Magnificent Campaign—251 Prisoners Captured—Excellent Crowds—Remarkable Advances—Brilliant Prospects.

Commissioner McKie says about the General's visit to Berlin:

"Without hesitation. I say it has been the best visit the General has ever paid to Berlin. We love our General with all our hearts. We are prepared to carry on the fight on the principles he has laid down during the last four days. We will be Salvationists. We will never be ashamed of the uniform. We have one wish, one prayer: that God will spare our General for many years to come amongst us, to lead us, and to inspire us in this mighty work of salvation."

The General expresses his gratification at the German advance as follows:

"All things considered, I have had four of the most wonderful meetings of my life. I have never dared hope to have such meetings as those in the City of Berlin. God has been better to me than my prayers, my hopes, or my faith. I give Him all the glory!

"Commissioner McKie, I thank you for all your toil and devotion to Germany in the years you have spent here. I feel that this wonderful meeting to-night is one of the outcomes of that devotion. My officers who have toiled with the Commissioner I am sure God will reward you. My dear comrades from all parts of Germany, go back to your corps, and tell them that their General expects great things of this country."

"It is not a success, it is a triumph!" These are the words—and they are so true and comprehensive that they deserve to be recorded—with which the Foreign Secretary greeted the General immediately after the close of the four days' campaign referred to above. "I have only to add," he has since told us, that it is the grandest and best thing we have ever yet done in Germany."

Each engagement was such a climax of all that renders Salvation warfare noble and blessed, and yet the whole so complete a run of glorious victory, that adequate description is out of the question. The War Cry correspondent can only hope to convey, in a fragmentary fashion, glimpses of the fight that will interest and inspire, and fire our readers with longings for a similar outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

What the full effect of this Pentecostal season in the capital of one of the most powerful and progressive Empires the world has ever known will be, or where its influence in bringing sinners to the cleansing blood of Calvary will cease, it is, of course, impossible to predict; but we infer from what the General and his German chief officers have expressed on this matter, that an immediate outbreak of soul-saving must ensue, and vital godliness, through the Salvation Army, have a mighty revival in the Fatherland.

Change in the Public Mind.

Public opinion there with regard to the Heils Armee has undergone a remarkable change for the better within the last year or two; and, in the cities and towns where our work is established, it is becoming more and more common for people who have drunken relatives, prodigals, family disgraces, and the like, to seek the aid of the once-despised Heils Armee in saving and restoring the wanderers.

But what is the Salvation Army destined to accomplish when it has introduced its attractive services, and its living Christ, to every centre of population of this industrial and geographical giant of a nation? Ah, that is one of the most interesting speculations in which a Salvationist who knows anything of the present state of things can indulge—and pray about. Remember, as yet we have but touched the fringe of the vast masses—fifty-five millions—who compose its inhabitants.

The achievements of the latest campaign, with the marvelously-powerful addresses of the founder of the organization—the spectacle of 251 souls daring to publicly renounce their sins, backslidings, and shortcomings, and claim mercy at the Cross—the sight of the uniform everywhere in the streets—must go far to strengthen the favorable impressions already formed.

The fact that of the three overflowing public audiences, at least eight hundred per night are estimated to have been strangers to us, confirms the view we have given of the possibilities of this visit.

THE PROGRESS OF THE FLAG.

We must give a few figures. They are necessary to the understanding of the remarkable way in which the Salvation Army has become a power in this great, ever-expanding Empire.

It is not yet six years since the first officers' councils were held in a small room behind a Methodist Church. Wednesday and Thursday, last week, 325 officers required the Cohns Hall—a building which, in the early days, was taken with no small trepidation for a public demonstration. At the time first-mentioned, the corps numbered twenty-five at most; to-day, 107. There are also 500 Local Officers.

The year's advances:

	Increases.
Corps	8
Officers	40
Soldiers and Recruits ...	550
Local Officers	120
War Crys	3,500
Young Soldiers	1,200

In Berlin alone there are twenty corps, and three in the suburbs. Several corps openings are under consideration. The planting of the Flag in the kingdom of Bavaria, where we have never yet entered, is being arranged for. A Prison-Gate Home is on the list for the immediate future, and to this object the funds of the last Harvest Festival were dedicated.

There are three Rescue Homes; one Children's Home; one Maternity Home; seven Slum-posts; a beautiful Metropole for the working girls of Berlin, with eighty beds; and a Home of Rest for Officers.

THE EMPIRE.

It was not until after the war of 1870 that Germany became a united whole, having previously consisted of a number of separate States. Since that time the industrial and political power of the Empire has grown rapidly, till to-day Germany occupies a foremost position in the councils of the nations. Its present population is fifty-five millions, nearly two-thirds of whom are Protestants, and one-third Roman Catholics; its extent is 208,830 square miles—or almost twice as large as the United Kingdom.

One of the first night's converts was a man who, next day, sought out the nearest Army quarters for the purpose of purchasing literature, and thus informing himself on the system and principles of the organization.

Altogether six of the Metropole girls were at the penitent form at the General's meetings. Great was Staff-Captain Bissmeyer's astonishment and joy when, after a certain meal, prayers were about to be offered, to see all the girls at the table get on their knees as if moved by one impulse.

Several of the Kaiser's soldiers attended our meetings, and some are saved men. One of these was an interested listener every night in the Germania Hall, occupying a front seat, and singing and clapping like any English veteran.

A solid proof of the wider recognition of the Salvation Army in the City of Berlin is the fact that three hundred billets for the officers, who came in from north, south, east, and west, for several hundred miles, were procured without any difficulty.

Amongst those who worked hardest for, and rejoiced most in, the victories of the last week, was Brigadier Gauntlett. Both he and Mrs. Gauntlett and family are thoroughly Germanized, the children being as much at home in the language as in English itself. They love the country, and the Brigadier has his hands full in pushing the war for its salvation.

It is said that there was a wedding on every evening in one or other of the Germania group of halls while the General was in Berlin. Hence it was no uncommon sight to see stray "guests" in our meetings, nor to catch the echo of the festivities during the speaking.

The General, in thanking the Staff Officers for the way in which they had rallied to his side, and labored to make his visit a success, referred to Colonel Lawley as "that round-faced Englishman, whose ancestors must have come out of Saxony!"

"Oh," humorously exclaimed the General in one of his addresses, "oh, I wish I were a German! You German people are very clever: if you can tell me how to be a German for a week, and then an American for a week, and then a Dutchman for a week, and then a Britisher for a week, I'd give you a nice spot in the heavenly country!"

Immediately after the conclusion of the meeting at which two German officers were consecrated for service in India, a certain Ensign sought out Commissioner Howard and offered himself as a third volunteer for that great dark land.

Translating is no child's work. It requires not only a quick ear, and a sympathetic spirit, and a keen knowledge of both languages, but a fine sense of discrimination as well. Happening to make use of the Scripture saying, "The sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire," Lieut.-Colonel Junker (the General's interpreter) came to a sudden stop. With instant grasp of a difficulty, the General supplied a substitute with the same meaning, and the embarrassment was relieved. It transpired that the Colonel was in a fix between the two—whether to faithfully and literally translate the General, and run the risk of offending unduly the susceptibilities of the congregation, or—but the latter's tact came to the rescue. It seems that the terms "pig," etc., are used in a much more opprobrious sense in Germany than in England.

While in Berlin, a gentleman representing the "Times," (London), called upon the General. He kindly gave a donation towards the work.

Up to the time of leaving, eighty-seven of the 129 penitents who came to the mercy-seat in our three public meetings, had signified their intention of becoming soldiers.

Value Your Friend.

We have stood amazed at the careless, ruthless way some people cast off friends who have been friends indeed. They seem to think they can grow another crop in a few minutes or days. It is a mistake. The real friend is made up of a compound of love and character, but it is also a growth and product of years. The new friend is never like the old friend. And yet we have seen people cast off old friends as one would a garment.

The result of this in a retributive way is something dreadful to see. They, in time, become cast off and end their days in loneliness, forsakenness, and bitterness. He who rejects a whole life of kindness and faithfulness because of some single defect or imperfection of a friend is not only guilty of consummate folly, but needs to be God Himself to escape being treated the same way.—B. Carradine.

Compared to the possession of that priceless treasure and happiness unspeakable, a perfect faith, what has life to offer?

Nov. 12th, 1900.

The Dominion Elections have resulted in the return of the Liberal Party, with a slightly diminished majority.

Likewise, the United States Elections have returned President McKinley again to power.

The Government Elections in Newfoundland have been in favor of the Bond Ministry.

Russia has proposed to China to assume the government of Manchuria under Russian protection.

Capt. Gladmers, of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, was killed in the effort to rescue Major Saunders, who also was wounded in an attempt to bring in a horseless non-commissioned officer.

Colonel Otter and the remainder of the Royal Canadian Contingent left Cape Town on November 6th. They will receive a grand welcome in England and then return to Canada.

A case of bubonic plague has been discovered in Bremen, Germany.

A Bill has been introduced in the French Senate aiming to arrest the depopulation of France. It provides for a tax on single people above the age of thirty, and upon childless couples.

A daring case of highway robbery was committed, at eight o'clock in the evening in a frequented part of Toronto. The victim, who was sandbagged, is recovering.

Sipido, the youth who attempted to assassinate the Prince of Wales, has been surrendered by France to the Belgium authorities.

It is possible that the British Postal Authorities will adopt Marconi's wireless telegraphic system.

A number of Greek and Roman documents, supposed to be of great historic value, have been found at Mukden, China.

A blizzard has been reported from the West.

The German military budget is considerably increased this year, providing for two new battalions and three companies for each army corps, also the building of a large harbor at Danzig and Kiel, and two immense dry docks.

Sir Charles Tupper has announced that he will retire from political life.

Lord Roberts reports the defeat of the Boers under DeWet and Steyn near Kroonstadt. The Boers lost eight guns and considerable ammunition and supplies.

General Buller has returned to England, and received a great ovation at Southampton.

A big storm has been doing great damage on the lakes and on the Atlantic coast. The steamer "Monticello" foundered in the Bay of Fundy; only four out of thirty-seven persons were saved. Another schooner with six persons on board was lost near Boston.

The man who attempted to assassinate the Shah of Persia at Paris has been sentenced to life imprisonment.

The Canadian Artillery and the remnant of the Canadian troops in South Africa will sail from Cape Town on December 1st.

Two hundred mounted Boers attacked a convoy near Komati, but were beaten off by the Canadian Contingent.

Lord Roberts pleads strongly that the returning soldiers be not treated to liquor or strong drink.

Never hesitate to say "No," when asked to do a wrong thing. It will often require courage, the best kind of courage, moral courage; but say "No," so distinctly that no one can possibly understand you to mean "Yes."

Cheap Gospel and Cheap Food.

Give him your Bible by all means, my lord,
And make it as cheap as you can;
It will be as a cart that will carry
God's blessing to many a man.
But because he's a man he'll be wanting
A horse for the cart that you give;
Without bread for his body's up-keeping,
Why, how do you think he will live?

He has read that sweet sermon of yours, sir—
"The Prodigal Son coming home"—
And has pondered the parable deeply,
As in hunger he's oft had to roam.

When his wife, through privation, was sick, sir,
And little one lay at home dead,
He'd a mind to read out of your Bible.
But first of all wanted some bread.

If you say, as it seems that you do, sir,
That body and soul are not one,
And that when you preach from your Bible,
Your duty to Scroggins is done,
You may ring your church-bell till it cracks, sir,
But he and his mates will not come;
They will go where both needs are supplied, sir,
And follow the Salvation drum!

The following clipping from the "Gleaner," Kingston, Jamaica, will prove of interest to a wide circle of our readers.

THE BIBLE AND BREAD

Two important meetings were held in Kingston on Tuesday of last week, and there were some things about these meetings which provide food for reflection. The one meeting was held in Edmondson Hall, and was presided over by His Grace the Archbishop. On the platform with him were ministerial representatives of several denominations. The object of the meeting was to receive the annual report of the Kingston Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and to adopt resolutions bearing on the same.

The other meeting was held in the Town Hall, and was presided over by His Worship the Mayor of Kingston, and with him on the platform was His Excellency Sydney Oliver, the Acting Governor. The object of this meeting was to enlist sympathy with the Salvation Army's Social work, and by enlisting sympathy to get funds to feed the hungry with bread. In his opening remarks the Archbishop said that it was almost sacrilege to attempt, in preaching, to improve on the beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son. In the Town Hall those who spoke seemed animated with a desire to have the parable reproduced in real life.

The Poor Should Have the Bible.

It is not to be supposed that the annual meeting of the Kingston Auxiliary has not our heartiest support; or that we are not in accord with the object of that society, which is to put a copy of the Bible within reach of the poorest. But we would like to ask the question whether, if the desire of those who took part in the meeting is, by the issuing of cheap copies of the Scriptures, to get the poorest to read the Bible, and by the reading of it become better, there is not something that should precede or accompany the circulation of the cheap Scriptures, and if the meeting in the Town Hall, under the presidency of the Mayor, was not attending to that something? It is not only necessary to put a copy of the Scriptures within reach of the poorest; it is also necessary to induce them to read the Bible. This cannot be better done than when the spirit of the Bible is translated into actions; when the hungry are fed; when the sick are nursed; when the fallen are reclaimed; when the despondent are cheered, and the sorrowing are comforted. When persons belonging to the classes we have described find themselves sought after; when a helping hand is held out to them by those on whom they have no positive claim, and when they are told that all that is being done for them is being done out of loyalty to the teachings of the Bible and the Great Master Who inspired it, and Who Himself set His people the example they should follow, then we may expect they will seek to possess the book that has brought such a blessing to them, and which has had such an influence on their benefactors. But when the poor and the needy are told that the churches own the authority of the Bible, and that the Bible makes the caring of the poor a special duty devolving on professed Christians, and when they hear these professed Christians, who are surrounded by many comforts, saying, "Be ye fed, and be ye clad," and yet see them doing nothing to carry their commendable command into effect, what interest can they be expected to take in a book that requires so much from those who profess to believe in it, and yet produce such poor results in their lives? It has often been found that the giving of temporal help is a good way of reaching the heart; feed a hungry man, and he will listen to your Gospel; nurse a sick man, and he will listen to your exposition of affliction being a means of sanctifying grace; but if you neither feed nor nurse him it will be an evidence of his self-restraint if he do not bid you cease preaching and praying to him. What is needed more to-day than ever before is not the printed page of the Bible in the hand and before the eyes, but the principles of the Bible made clear and plain in the Christian life. If this were more generally done than seems at present to be the case, probably the churches would not have to complain, as the Baptist Reporter does, that young men and young women and the laboring classes are drifting.

Who is Responsible for Giving Bread?

We are constrained to write thus because it seems to be tacitly admitted that the churches' concern should be about cheap Bibles and the Salvation Army's concern about cheap bread. We see no reason why these should be separated, but they are. If they were not, would the churches not show as much interest in securing the one as they show in securing the other? We are not to be understood as unfavorable to the Social scheme which has been inaugurated. What we do object to is the tacit assumption that such Social work lies more within the province of such an organization as the Salvation Army than within that of any of the recognized churches. If this idea is allowed to be confirmed without question, then the impression that is on many minds will be so deepened as to make this opinion a moral certainty, viz.: that the churches are for the respectable and well-to-do and that the humbler and lower classes must seek salvation through such an organization as the Salvation Army. What will the result be? The reclaimed will not connect themselves with any church, but will probably regard them all with disfavor.

Let this also be remembered that if the Social work of the Salvation Army is to be successful, members of the churches, as well as the generous in the community, will have to provide the funds. The Army practically says, "We are better able to do Social work than the churches are, and they themselves admit it. We are willing to be your agents and do the work if you will provide us with the means." The helped will not consider whence the means came; their gratitude, and rightly, too, will be to those who came to their assistance and helped them in a time of need.

We propose for the consideration of the churches this suggestion: Be as anxious to provide bread for the hungry as you are to provide Bible for the ignorant. Let a committee representative of all the churches be formed to devise and carry a Social scheme into effect. The Nonconformists have that committee ready to hand in the Union of Evangelical Churches, and surely the Episcopal Church would not object to work with that Union in practical social work. Let there be a "Bread" Sunday, as well as a "Bible" Sunday, as was proposed by His Grace, observed not only in Kingston, but throughout the island, and the recital of the story of cases helped and saved would secure a generous response to any appeal made, and, as a result, on a plan not yet thought of, the poor and the distressed in the community would be helped, and the churches would thus give practical evidence that they were animated by the Spirit and were entitled to the name of Christ.

The Salvation Army in Britain has earned for itself an excellent record for the splendid Social work it has done. If the support asked for is given, it will earn for itself as good a record here, and if work is not to be done in any other way we hope that the help required will be forthcoming. The feeding of the hungry and the nursing of the sick are distinctively the work of the church of Christ, and any church worthy of the name should be doing that work. The churches cannot relegate to any organization such a distinct part of their duties without loss to themselves, without losing their claim to the gratitude of the poor and sick for whose welfare their Master was always solicitous.

Safe Over Jordan.

Around the Throne.

PILLEY'S ISLAND, Nfld.—Again death has thrust his sickle into our midst, and this time Brother Andrew Roberts has been cut down. Brother Roberts got converted at the Army penitent form about two years ago and became a soldier. Shortly afterwards he went to Sydney, C. B., to work, and being surrounded with ungodly influences, failed to look to God for help, and consequently lost his hold. In a short time Bro. Roberts took sick, and it was thought best for him to return home. Two hours after he came I went to see him, found him seriously ill and away from God. With a heart full of sorrow he told me how he regretted his backslidden condition and desired me to pray for him. Two days afterwards he sought the Lord again and joyfully exclaimed, "The burden is gone!" He gradually grew worse, and it was evident that his departure was nigh at hand, but his confidence was firm in God. He never murmured nor complained, and his final testimony was, "He is all that I need." We have great reason to believe that our brother has joined that innumerable throng around the throne of God. Our comrade's funeral was accompanied by a great number of people, who seemed to be deeply impressed, and as we laid him in the grave we felt we could truly say, "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?"

On Sunday I was called upon again to bury the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Payne. This is the eleventh I have put 'neath the sod since I have been here. Sinner, make strict preparations to-day, for very soon life's breath will leave you; in fact, you may be the next.—Jim Janes, Capt.

Gone to Heaven.

PRESCOTT.—Death has visited our corps and taken away little Tommy, aged 6 years, the darling boy of Bro. and Sister Boyd. He was last seen alive playing at "fishing," with his little rod, just outside their door. His mother went to call him, but could not find him. As he was never known to stay away so late, a search was instituted, and their little pet was found at the bottom of the St. Lawrence River, about two hundred yards from home.

The funeral service was conducted by the Captain, assisted by the Juniors, whose singing brought tears to the eyes of many in that crowded room. The service was a very impressive one all through and will long be remembered.

May God comfort the sorrowing parents, and help them to fight on until they meet their darling in heaven.—M. H. W.

When angered, the best of us mistake our own motives as we do those of the enemy who inflames us. What may be private revenge, we take to be indignant virtue and just revolt against wrong.

HOW TO KEEP SCHOOL BOARDS SWEET.

The Vancouver Daily World has the following story in its columns, which contains a valuable suggestion to chairmen of various boards.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

The Board of School Trustees Gives a Careful Perusal of the War Cry, and Some are Seriously Affected Thereby.

There was a happy event at the meeting of the Board of School Trustees on Saturday night, and the genial members of the Board each received a present, which they carried home with them. The little affair all happened in this manner: The School Board had gone into a committee of the whole, to discuss the by-laws, and the newspaper men were given a quiet tip that the political issue would not be discussed before 9 o'clock. They could take a run down town for a whiskey and soda—if they so desired. The scribes donned their hats, and as they left the room a genial trustee looked longingly after them. His eyes seemed to say, "Boys, I wish I could go with you." A call was made at the Real Estate where Billy Dixon was doing a rushing business. Among William's customers was a kindly-faced old man. We will call him Archie for brevity's sake. Now Archie was feeling in the best of spirits and was telling the crowd how G. R. M. was going to make Mayor G look like a fruit-train side-tracked in August, when the votes were counted on December 6th. At this moment two pretty Salvation Army lassies stepped in the bar to sell War Crys. Archie gave a look of contempt at the two girls, which quickly turned to one of pity, as he said, "My good woman, you should not come into a place of this sort to sell those papers."

"We come to try and do good," said one of the Army girls.

"To do good, eh," answered Archie, "well, my girl, here is one dollar. Give me all the papers you have." The face of the girl brightened up as she handed over her papers, and took the money. "Now you had better go," said Archie, but the girl hesitated, and then whispered: "If you don't want them all you had better give me some back and I'll sell them again."

"No, no," answered Archie, "begone, begone." The Army girl left.

"Now you fellows take these up to the Board of School Trustees," said Archie, handing the bundle to one of the newspaper men, "and present each trustee with a copy."

Upon their arrival at the board room the scribes presented the papers as directed. The trustees smiled, and then Trustee Logan moved, seconded by Trustee Ramsay, that the board adjourn for ten minutes to glance over the paper.

Trustee B. lighted an Havana, laid back in his chair and was soon deeply interested in an article entitled, "Down the road of crime," which was a story of the making and mending of a criminal.

Trustee R. was drinking in the words of an article headed "Everyday Religion," about women and marriage.

Trustee G. was reading the column headed "Gems and Jewels," while Trustee L. took more interest in an article on "Chasing the Devil Around the World."

Chairman M. was softly humming over a newly-published song by A. L. Waring, called, "My Heart is Resting."

Trustee B. said he had to go home, and would take the War Cry along with him and read it Sunday.

Superintendent C. and Secretary G. were looking at the pictures. Scarcely a word was spoken during the ten minutes. The newspaper men sat in silence.

Trustee B. was seen to brush hurriedly away a falling tear, several times, as he read the pathetic story of the criminal.

"We will now finish our business," Chairman M. said, in a rather husky voice. War Crys were tenderly placed in the trustees' pockets, and the discussion of teachers and politics, a full account of which will be found elsewhere, opened.

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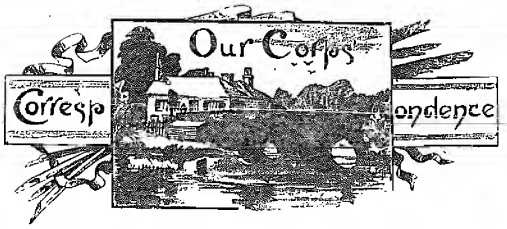


Climbing Higher.

WINDSOR, N. S.—Our Harvest Festival target, which was $125, has, by the united efforts of our soldiers and friends, been reached. Glory to God! Our crowds are getting larger, collections better, and some few souls are being saved. We are striving to climb still higher up the ladder, and by the time you hear from us again we are believing to be able to report greater victories.—B. Duncan, Cadet.

Attendance Increasing.

FARGO, N. D.—Captain Hurst and Lieut. Hammond have farewelled, and Ensign Collett and Lieut. Lawford are now in command. Our attendances are getting better. One soul in the Fountain last night.

Sunshine and Shadow.

ROSSLAND, B. C.—Someone has said that life is made up of a little sunshine and a great deal of darkness and shadow. I am glad that I have sunshine to report as well as shadows. At the holiness meeting, on Sunday morning, five, comrades sought the blessing of a clean heart, together with five Juniors who knelt at Jesus' feet for pardon. We had a most blessed time. Capt. Gain conducted her last holiness meeting. The Captain farewelled on Sunday and proceeds to Lewiston, Idaho, to assist Capt. Scott. Capt. Gain, though with us only two months, has proved a great blessing to the corps, and goes to her next appointment with the blessing and prayers of many in Rossland. Capt. Beaumont is taking Capt. Gain's place, and Rossland's soldiers will give her a real Western S. A. welcome. Look out for next week's report. Rumors of great things in the air, including wedding, banquet, etc.—S.-M., for Stevens and Gain.

$30 Over Their Target.

CALGARY, Alta.—Our Harvest Festival target of $150 smashed, and $30 over. Ensign Taylor made a splendid auctioneer, and interested the people greatly. The Ensign's quilt realized $38 alone. Souls are being saved. Although you do not hear from us often, the Calgary people are not sleeping.—One who is interested.

Direct to the Cutpost.

NEWMARKET.—During the late week our officers have been attending the anniversary meetings. Judging by their bright countenances, they must have received much blessing and encouragement. God bless them! Directly on their arrival they got into a rig and drove five miles to conduct a meeting. We are pleased to see Capt. Darrach in our midst again as happy as ever, and Bro. Holmes, who has just returned. He had a good time and looks pleased. Our corps is still alive, but almost a little too quiet. Let us get a move on again, comrades.—Sergt. T. Hunter.

Soldiers Hold the Fort Nobly.

MEDICINE HAT, N. W. T.—Our officers are hard at work. Soldiers held the fort nobly pending the arrival of reinforcements. We are on the eve of some glorious victories through the blood of Christ. Are we alive? Yes, and we are coming out on top. Satan's kingdom has to fall when we have Jesus with us. Many careless ones are being forced to listen to the Gospel message, and we pray that in due time stubborn hearts will be broken by the knowledge of God's love for them. The battle is hard, but victory is sure.—Alex. Frazer, S.-M.

Satan's Strongholds Giving Way.

LINDSAY.—Something surely must give way when the people of God begin to pray. Praise God we are proving such to be true. On Sunday we had some real Holy Ghost meetings. The number present at 7 a.m. was above the average. In the afternoon two souls volunteered to the penitent form—a dear man and his wife, who for some time had been robbing God of His right by holding back that which belonged to him. It was beautiful to see them kneel side by side and renew their covenant with God. At night another brother, a backslider, got beautifully saved. A brother and sister got the glory in their feet and danced. We had Bro. Huffman, from Millbrook, and S.-M. Cornell, from Omemee, with us all day. They enjoyed themselves thoroughly.—A. M., S.-M.

The Summer's Voyage Over.

BAY ROBERTS, Nfld.—We are still on the war path. Sunday was a blessed day. Nearly all our people home from the summer's voyage. Large crowds. Good collections. War Crys sold out. Two souls rejoicing in sins forgiven. Soldiers dancing happy. We are in the midst of Harvest Festival.—M. Noel, Capt.

The Juniors to the Front.

SEAL COVE.—The Lord is wonderfully blessing us at this corps. Although in a very small corner of the earth, Jesus is here. Good meetings all day on Sunday, when much of the Master's presence was realized. In the afternoon we had our Juniors' quarterly review. The Juniors did remarkably well in answering questions, also with recitations, singing, and readings. Our little building was packed, and all seemed to have enjoyed the meeting. At night Jesus came very near to us, and at the close one backslider came home.—Lieut. A. Peddel.

His Satanic Majesty Disappointed.

GARNISH.—Here we are again. We have just hit our target. Old Satan tried to discourage and hinder us, but he got left, and has gone off with a frown. No doubt he will be along again soon, but we are ready for him in the strength of God.—J. Wiseman, Capt.

Political Excitement.

GREAT FALLS corps is pushing ahead, and while political crowds are marching the streets and getting their particular man to the front, the S. A. continues to lift up Jesus Christ. Two souls have this week found salvation. The coming week will be a hot time as far as politics are concerned, but we are doing our best, and shall continue to do so. We are hungering for souls.—Capt. Sheard.

Returns with His Bride.

MORRISBURG is still on the move. Since you last heard from us we have had Specials. The first to come was Lieut. Langley, from Quebec, to help roll the old chariot along, and the second was a visit from Ensign Xerex and Capt. Pilcher, old warriors of Morrisburg. Their visit was much appreciated. The third special was, of course, our Sergeant-Major, the best of all, when he brought home his bride. Good for him! Mrs. Stata will be an increase to our numbers, and help us fight. May God bless the Sergt.-Major and his wife, and may their lives be joyous and happy. Soldiers and officers are united to conquer.—C. E. M.

A Visit from Major Pickering and Adjt. Dowell.

SYDNEY, C. B.—Since last report the P. O. and D. O. have paid us a visit, spending a week-end with us, and conducting beautiful meetings. At knee-drill one soul found pardon, and returned during the day to give God the glory. God met with us and gave us a blessed time in the holiness meeting. The open-airs, led by the Adjutant, which fact always guarantees an up-to-date affair and good crowds, were splendid. At night Major Pickering graphically depicted the feast of Belshazzar, and one soul yielded to the claims of Christ. We are always glad to see the Major and Adjt. Dowell, and a warm welcome always awaits them in Sydney. We have increased our open-airs, now having three on Sunday. The morning service is greatly appreciated by a large crowd. Our H. F. target of $70 was doubled, our sale alone bringing in $50. The soldiers did excellently.—Prof. H. A., D.D.

Anniversary Specials.

TEMPLE, Toronto.—All day on Sunday the meetings were very interesting. In the morning we had the pleasure of having with us Adjt. Burrows and Ensign Hoddinott. The Ensign's singing and accordion playing was as much appreciated as it was novel. The Bible reading which Adjt. Burrows gave contained some good practical lessons. The afternoon meetings were of the old-fashioned type. We had with us Adjt. Kenway, Ensigns Williams, Parker, Hoddinott, and Capt. Norman, together with the corps officers, Adjt. Cameron and Capt. LeCocq. When I tell you that Ensign Williams conducted the testimony meeting it is needless for me to say that we had a lively time. At night, although the crowd was below the average, we felt the presence of God in a wonderful manner. At the close of the prayer meeting four souls were found kneeling at the Mercy Seat. We believe the anniversary meetings have been the means of great blessing to our soldiers, and that they will go on to greater things in the future.—W. Peacock.

With the Life-Boat Brigade.

CHESLEY.—It is some time since I saw a report in the Cry from Chesley. We are still toiling on. Praise God! Our H. F. was reached by some hard work, and without much blow about it. $33 was not so bad for Chesley. It was my privilege to spend four days with the Life Boat Crew. We had splendid crowds, good attention, and the meetings were full of power and blessing. Allisford was the final place, with a crowded hall. Tara was very good considering the opposition we have in this little town. Chesley was reached by 9:45 on Saturday morning. We got to work at 7:30 and held a grand open-air meeting. A big crowd gathered round us, and a good number attended the meeting held in the barracks, which was enjoyed by all. Sunday's meetings were grand, from 7 a.m. until 9:30 p.m. Barracks full on Sunday night. Deep conviction, but none would yield. May God bless the Life Boat braves.—"D. O." Brant, Ensign.

In Charge of the Locals.

ST. JOHNSBURY.—Still the work moves on. We were sorry to part with the faithful officers, Captains Downey and Jones, who have had charge here during the last ten months; but were glad to welcome Ensign McLean and Lieut. Hicks, who have just arrived to push on the war, and whom we trust will be successful in winning many souls for the Master. We were alone nearly a week, but the soldiers took right hold, scrubbing the barracks, sustaining the meetings, and selling the War Crys. There are many hundreds in St. Johnsbury who feel the need of salvation, but the pursuit of pleasure so takes their time and attention that these more important matters are placed in the background. May God send conviction deep and lasting upon the people and awaken them from the sleep of death, is our prayer.—W.C.R.

Rejoiced Over Five Souls.

WALLACEBURG.—We had a very hard fight all day on Sunday. About 10 p.m., however, a break occurred and four sinners rushed to the penitent form at once. Two minutes more and another came, making five. To hear them pour out the desires of their hearts to God was glorious. When all had found peace we had an old-time wind-up and marched round the barracks. Some danced, others shouted, and some even cried for joy.—Mrs. Capt. Huntington.

Secretary and J. S. Helper Hilts, Blenheim,

Collected $10 00 for H. F.

First Sunday Results in Five Souls.

UXBRIDGE.—Capt. Rose arrived in Uxbridge just in time for the open-air on Saturday night, where he received a very hearty welcome. The meeting in the barracks was bright. God met with us. His Spirit was in the Sunday's meetings and five souls sought pardon.—A. H.

Believing for Future Victories.

STELLARTON, N. S.—God is blessing us here, and although we don't see all the results we should like to see, still we press on and are believing for future victories. The Harvest Festival effort in our corps was a great success. Praise God! Lieut. L. Lebans farewells and goes to Pictou. Capt. Mercer and Lieut. Netting take charge of Stellarton. We pray that the Lord will bless their efforts.—One interested.

Second to None.

BISMARCK, N. D.—We have arrived safely in the capital of North Dakota, and are delighted with the people in general, and our faithful comrades in particular, who have all returned from the country just in time to welcome us. I believe they are second to none in the West. Altogether we are going in to storm the forts of darkness, and mean victory in the name of our Master.—Capt. L. Ranson and Lieut. Lenwick.

Prospects Encouraging.

REGINA, N. W. T.—Thank God we can report victory under the leadership of our new officers, Capt. and Mrs. Gillam. Arriving at Regina on Saturday morning, they went straight to work in the afternoon, and succeeded in disposing of all the War Crys. A nice little welcome meeting was conducted on Saturday night, which created great expectations for the morrow. At 7 a.m. God came near and we got blessed by seeing one sister consecrate herself to Christ, and I assure you she got gloriously sanctified. The holiness meeting was the first that I have been privileged to attend since coming to the West from the old Temple, Toronto. This meeting was a time long to be remembered. God came to our hearts, and one dear brother got set free, and at night gave his testimony. We are believing for great results here in Regina. The devil says that there is no need of the Salvationists here, and that the churches can do all that is necessary to be done. God helping us, we will let His Satanic Majesty see how we can upset his kingdom. The Officers are endeavoring to boom the Cry. All the Crys sold out this week, together with the Young Soldiers. The other night your correspondent was in charge of the meeting. As I read the text, "What shalt Thou have me do?" God came in mighty power upon the people. Capt. and Mrs. Gillam have just returned from the councils conducted by Major Southall and his Staff, where there has been a wonderful outpouring of God's salvation. God bless our P. O., Major Southall. The corps finances are much above the average, and our new officers are possessed with the true Blood-and-Fire spirit.—T. K. Peacock.

Two Hands for Prayer.

BRAMPTON.—The soldiers here welcomed their new officers. Good meetings on Saturday and Sunday. Two hands were held up for prayer. We believe that God is going to bless our efforts in this town.—A. W. M.

The Captain pro tem.

NEWPORT, Vt.—The officers being away, your correspondent was left in charge of the meetings. Good times throughout the week. Monday and Wednesday Father Tibbett came to our help, and Sunday afternoon and evening Bro. Ketterill was with us. His discourse was of the right stamp and was well received by the people present. May God bless our comrades.—J. S. Morse.

Cheering news is reaching us from officers throughout the country of the blessing and inspiration received at the recent councils.

The Chief Secretary, accompanied by Major Horn, left for Chatham and the West on Saturday morning. We anticipate for them a successful tour.

Dawson City has raised the magnificent sum of $500 towards this year's Harvest Festival effort.

The C. O. P. Soul-Saving Brigade is meeting with splendid success. They have been requested to return to Oshawa, and will enroll eight out of the fifteen seekers as soldiers.

The Staff Band are booked to give a festival to the patients of the Toronto Asylum on Tuesday, Dec. 4th.

Major and Mrs. Sheeton, with the members of the Financial and Property Department had a successful week-end at Dovercourt. Three souls. The illustrated lecture by Adjt. F. Morris, on the Klondike, created great interest on Monday night.

The General Secretary commences a ten days' revival campaign at Dovercourt next Sunday, after which he will visit Yorkville for a time series of meetings.

Arrangements are in hand for a Century Soul-Saving Campaign at all the city corps, conducted by various Headquarters' and Provincial Officers.

Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read departed for the East on Saturday. The Lieut.-Colonel will spend Sunday in Montreal and proceed to Halifax for meetings the following week-end. Mrs. Read will also complete arrangements in St. John for the opening of the new Industrial Home for Women, by the Commissioner, Nov. 19th.

What is the Cause of It?

OR,

BUSINESS FOR GOD.

By C. A. P.

"We used to do a lot of business here." These words were spoken to me by the Station Agent of a railway line which had once done a prosperous trade in the town, but which had become almost dormant. Yes, it was a sad thought, yet unquestionable. Why it came about could possibly be attributed to several reasons, but the main one arose, as far as I could ascertain, from the fact that the town itself had gone down. Correspondingly as other enterprises had failed, so had the railway company ceased to do the extensive business it had hitherto done. The town felt it as well as the company; yea, it was a universal regret that such a decline ever occurred.

But was there no hope? Had prospects been blighted for ever? Could there not be recovery from such commercial stagnation? Well, the question has apparently yet to be answered, for the town has never risen to the town people's desire and anticipation.

Yet this does not alter the fact that it can rise. All that is practically needed is capital and energy. Capital to start new enterprises, or raise to living profit the old ones, and energy to carry them on. Persistent energy, providing facilities for work are favorable, must succeed.

Then business will not be spoken of in the past tense, but in the living, prosperous present.

Look again at the statement,

"We Used to Do a Lot of Business Here."

Cannot this be said of a number of our corps? Once they did a grand soul-saving work. Soldiers were made and pressed on to achievements that met the approval of their officers. Outside friends seemed to catch the flame of enthusiasm, and pressed into a fuller and deeper experience. In fact, things boomed.

But what a change now! Why has it all came about? is the question naturally asked. What has caused this spiritual decline?

Well, there may be varied reasons. Some of them may correspond with the reasons of the decline of the railway line. The going down of the town means the removal of a lot of people, and sometimes among them our own comrades as well as others who, outside our ranks, are good, staunch friends. When they go their voices are not heard with us, and their kind help and sympathy is to a large degree removed. New work absorbs, quite naturally, their attention and co-operation.

Another cause of inactivity regarding our work has been a sad decline in spiritual fervor among the comrades of these corps. They have grown weary in well-doing. Instead of daily drawing sustenance from the Great Source of spiritual life, they have neglected it, and the deplorable consequences are evident to most any observer.

Discouragement came in, and then their faith, hitherto so strong, became mutilated, if not altogether extinct. Yes, they have become well-nigh faithless, and the devil has taken the advantage of this by sowing the seeds of indolence. Do I not hear someone say, "We will never have the old times again"? Disheartened, they have settled down into a

Jog-Trot, Expect-Little Experience

from which they make but little, if any, attempt to rise.

Then again, there is the apparent forgetting of the fact that God's interest in them and the work has not changed: that His power is the same as ever to convict of sin and convert men to righteousness. The combined forces of faithlessness, discouragement, and lack of zeal have brought about, to a large degree, this state of spiritual decline. It is a sad thing to see comrades settle into apathy. To lose one's love for the perishing is fatal to aggressive corps work. To bring the work to a successful issue the officer must have the co-operation of his soldiery. Combined faith and works on the part of both must mean victory. Paul said, "We, then, as workers together with Him beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain.' We receive God's power and might that we may demonstrate it to others by helping them into the Kingdom.

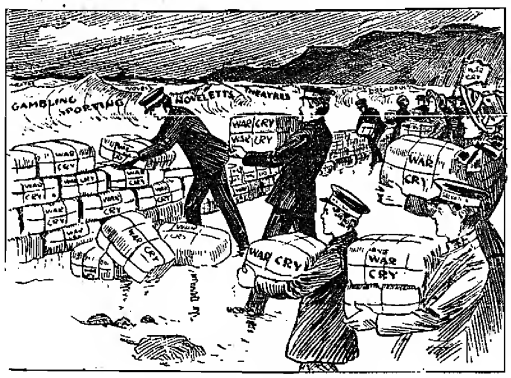
We should be workers with God to this end.

The business of every corps is to win souls and bless saints. Failing in this, they fail in fulfilling the great purpose of heaven.

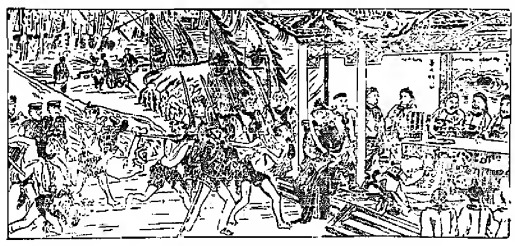
Oh, my dear comrades who may chance to read this message, if you have grown slack, if your love has abated and your interest greatly declined, pray, for the sake of a perishing world, that it may be revived, yea, fanned into a living effectual flame. Let it not be said of your corps, "We did a lot of business here once," but let the world around see that you are doing business now. Business that not only brings in a glorious return here, but on the great Judgment Morning also, when God shall then dispense His rewards to the faithful soul-winners, you will be among the recipients, and hear the words, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Heaven will be sweeter for any little sacrifice you have made on earth. You will have the glorious consciousness you have done your duty, blessed the world by having lived in it, and then as the stars you will shine for having turned many to righteousness.

Comrades, let us do a business here upon which the angels can look with approval from the skies, and our God will recognize us as successful in the great day of accounts.



THE WAR CRY HELPS TO STEM THE TIDE.



A CHINESE PICTORIAL LIE.

The above cut is copied from the "Montreal Witness," and represents the trial of the officers of the allied forces supposed to have been captured while on the march to Pekin. The "Witness" says:—

"That yellow journalism exists in China as well as in the Occident, the accompanying illustration plainly shows. It is a copy of one of several cartoons of a similar nature issued by the Boxer leaders for the purpose of influencing their followers and exciting their anger still more, if it were possible, against the foreigners. The heathen Chinee evidently considers that the wish is father to the thought, and with him, as with others, connected with yellow journalism, accuracy is the last thing to be thought of.

"It is such caricatures as these which are responsible for the destruction of the interior missions, where the natives have always been friendly, and the murder of missionaries seeking refuge in flight."

The Locals Commissioned.

SPOKANE, Wash.—Since writing you last we have had the presence and power of God with us. Several souls have sought the Lord Jesus Christ, and found Him. We had a splendid time last night. Thursday, when the commissioning of officers took place. Staff-Capt. Taylor took charge of the meeting, and, glory to God, we felt it good to be there. As the soldiers who were to be commissioned came down from the platform and stood in line beneath our grand old banner, the Yellow, Red, and Blue, on one side, and the good old Stars and Stripes on the other, each seemed to feel the solemnity of the occasion as he received his commission from the hand of the Staff-Captain, who in presenting it reminded each of his duty to God and the Army in the position for which he had been selected. The earnestness with which each one received his particular commission was an evidence that God was first in their desire. Bros. Forey and Kirby, and Sister Collier, who had charge of the Junior work, have accepted this position again, and with the assistance of Bro. Whalmough, the good seed will be faithfully sown in the children's hearts. They have been self-sacrificing in the past, and are determined to be so in the future. Sergt.-Major Jansen, whose love for the Master is always the same, winter, summer, sunshine or rain, is always at his post. We can depend on him doing his full share of the Master's work; also Bros. Preston, Colliver, Shaw, Russell, and several others. Our officers, Staff-Capt. Gait and Capt. LeDrew, are putting every effort into His holy work. Each soldier is willing to shoulder the cross for his Master. One of our comrades, last Wednesday night, gave a graphic description of what the Lord had done for him. He had been a confirmed gambler, but now has no use for the card table. He nightly sings God's praises, and in company with Bro. Kelly, of the Junior Soldiers' work, plays the violin. Anyone who listened to this short account of our comrade's past life could see that the way of the transgressor is hard. May God enable others to see themselves in their present wicked, sinful ways, and, like the Prodigal, return home and seek God's forgiveness.—J. L.

Father Dixon and the Election.

TEMPLE, Toronto.—We had very good meetings all day on Sunday. One soul sought Christ at the close of the night meeting.

A gentleman, who used to keep a hotel, the other Sunday related the interesting incident of how, two or three years after the Army had opened fire on the town of B——, Ont., he attended the meeting one Sunday night. The Captain spoke to him about his soul, but he refused to get converted and went out, but on the following Saturday evening he was again found in the barracks. He sought and found Christ that night, and commenced to work for the Master immediately. He has been doing so ever since. His testimony yesterday (Sunday) was, we believe, the means of much blessing to those present.

Father Dixon visited a Polling Booth on the day of elections. One of the scrutineers asked him for a paper. The only papers he had were some War Crys. The scrutineer began reading the different articles, until he came to "Everyday Religion." He got so blessed by reading this that he made all the men in the place buy one, which resulted in our veteran War Cry boomer nearly selling out.—W. P.

It is said that a young preacher, once desiring to get the opinion of Prof. Jowett as to a sermon he had preached, asked him what he thought of it. The professor looked at him a moment, and then slowly added, "Edward, if you would pluck a few of the feathers from the wings of your imagination, and stick them in the tail of your judgment, you would make better sermons." That is a criticism not likely to be easily forgotten.

THE HISTORY OF "Rock of Ages."

The author of the hymn, Augustus Montague Toplady, was born in Farnham, Surrey, in 1740, and was educated at Westminster and at Trinity College, Dublin. Toplady was an unrelenting polemist, and conceived it to be his duty to oppose the Arminianism of the Wesleys. Hence he engaged in a controversy with John Wesley upon the subject of entire sanctification, which doctrine Toplady held to be totally unorthodox. He fired one polemical broadside after another against Wesley, and then, during a lull in the fray, he wrote a curious theological article on "The National Debt." This he published in the Gospel Magazine, of which he was then editor. Among other things, this curious article contained a discussion of our debt of sin which Christ cancelled, and our consequent obligation to Him, and the paper closed with "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believers in the World."

That prayer is Toplady's famous hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for me," which he published in the memorable year of 1776. During the same year the hymn appeared in a collection of "Psalms and Hymns," published by the earnest Calvinist. It is interesting to note that this hymn appeared anonymously.

Toplady was destined to a short life, dying in his thirty-eighth year, two years after the publication of his peerless hymn. In his dying testimony he sounded a triumphant note, and seems to have realized the spirit and comfort of his "living and dying prayer." In his last moments, he spoke of himself as "the happiest man in the world." Realizing that the end was near, he said: "I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant. He leaves me nothing to pray for; my prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul. No mortal can live after having seen the glories which God has manifested to my soul." Thus passed away the author of "Rock of Ages."

The hymn, as originally published, contained four stanzas. These were subsequently altered and reduced to three by Montgomery and Cotterill for their "Sheffield Hymn-Book," which appeared in 1819. Since then the hymn has frequently appeared in collections in this abridged form.

If, as has been said, Martin Luther's "A mighty fortress is our God" is the grandest battle hymn, and Cowper's "God moves in a mysterious way" is the noblest hymn of providence, and Wesley's "Jesus, lover of my soul," is the finest heart hymn, surely, if such distinctions be allowed, Toplady's "Rock of Ages" deserves to rank as the first atonement hymn of modern hymnody. The hymn has for its subject salvation through Christ's mediation, and combats, as the author intended it should, the doctrine of justification by works, the doctrine of sanctification. It is a penitential prayer, and has been the inspiration of countless scores of believers who breathed it forth from dying lips as they passed triumphantly out of this world.

The popularity of this sacred song is attested by its almost world-wide use. It was a great favorite with the late Mr. Gladstone—so much so that he made excellent translations of it into Latin, Greek, and Italian. Dr. Pusey regarded it as "the most deservedly popular hymn, perhaps the very favorite." "No other English hymn," says another ardent admirer, "can be named which has laid so broad and firm a grasp upon the English-speaking world." Together with the Bible and Bunyan's immortal work, the "Pilgrim's Progress," it seems to have gone well-nigh round the globe.

The hymn has truly helped men, not only in their living, but also in their dying hours. It has often proved a blessing to prince and peasant alike. The Prince Consort is said to have quoted its comforting verses just before his peaceful end in Windsor Castle. There is a story that the daring cavalry leader, General Stuart, who was mortally wounded in a battle near Richmond, while endeavoring to defend the capital of the Southern Confederacy, sang this hymn in his last moments as his life slowly ebbed away. It is recorded also that, "when the London went down in the Bay of Biscay, in 1866, the last thing which the last man who left the ship heard, as the boat pushed off from the doomed vessel, was the voices of passengers singing 'Rock of Ages.'"

Such, in brief, is the history of Toplady's famous hymn.—Sunday School Times.

STAFF-CAPT. STANYON

will visit

Brooklin, Nov. 24, 25.
Ligar St., Nov. 26.
Uxbridge, Dec. 1, 2.
Richmond St., Dec. 3.
Temple, Dec. 8, 9, 10.
Bowmanville, Dec. 15, 16.
Brampton, Dec. 20.
Yorkville, Dec. 23.

BRIGADIER and Mrs GASKIN

will conduct

SOUL-SAVING MEETINGS

at

Yorkville from Friday, Dec. 7, to Monday, Dec. 17.

THE CENTRAL ONTARIO SONGSTERS

will visit

Alnwic Harbor, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Nov. 23, 24, 25.
Burk's Falls, Monday, Nov. 26.
Sundridge, Tuesday, Nov. 27.
South River, Wednesday, Nov. 28.
North Bay, Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 29, 30.
Sturgeon Falls, Sat. and Sun. Dec. 1, 2.
Warren, Monday, Dec. 3.
Markstay, Tuesday, Dec. 4.
Sudbury, Wednesday, Dec. 5.
Copper Cliff, Thursday, Dec. 6.
Stobie, Friday, Dec. 7.
Sudbury, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 8, 9.
Wahnapitea, Tuesday, Dec. 11.
Sturgeon Falls, Wednesday, Dec. 12.
North Bay, Thursday, Dec. 13.
Sundridge, Friday, Dec. 14.

T. F. S. Appointments.

ENSIGN PARKER.

Cornwall, Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 22, 23.
Montreal I., Sat. and Sun., Nov. 24, 25.
Quebec, Mon. and Tues., Nov. 26, 27.
Sherbrooke, Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 28, 29.
Newport, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 1, 2.

ENSIGN STAIGER.

Kamloops, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Nov. 24, 25, 26.
Vancouver, Tues., Wed., and Thurs., Nov. 27, 28, 29.
Nanaimo, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Nov. 30, Dec. 1, 2.

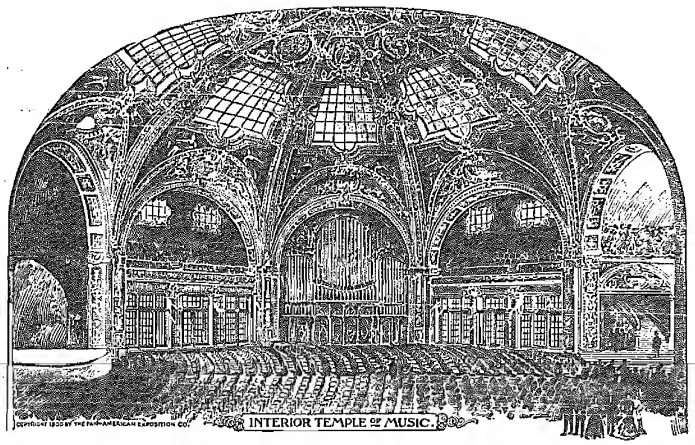
ENSIGN ANDREWS.

Clark's Harbor, Friday, Nov. 23.
Annapolis, Sat. and Sun., Nov. 24, 25.
Bridgetown, Monday, Nov. 26.
Canning, Tuesday, Nov. 27.
Kentville, Wednesday, Nov. 28.
Windsor, Thurs. and Fri., Nov. 29, 30.
Dartmouth, Sat. and Sun., Dec. 1, 2.

ENSIGN HODDINOTT.

Clinton, Thursday, Nov. 22.
Wingham, Friday, Nov. 23.
Listowel, Sat. and Sun., Nov. 24, 25.
Palmerston, Monday, Nov. 26.
Drayton, Tuesday, Nov. 27.
Guelph, Wednesday, Nov. 28.
Berlin, Thursday, Nov. 29.
Galt, Fri., Sat., and Sun., Nov. 30, Dec. 1, 2.

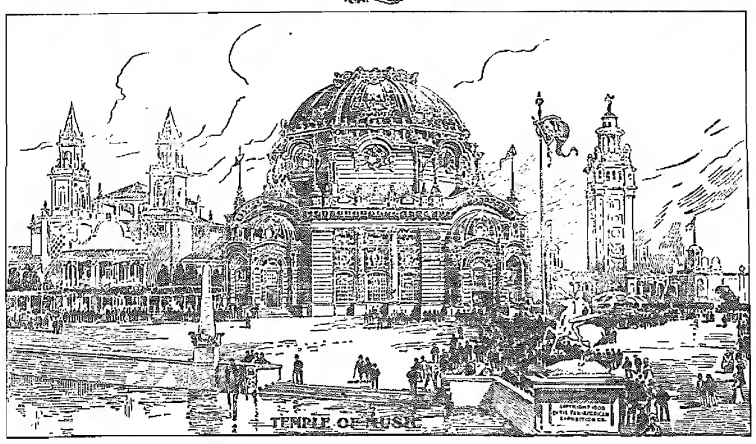
The devil has no fault to find with people who are satisfied with themselves.



The Pan-American Exposition

Buffalo is hastily preparing for the great Pan-American Exposition, which is to be held there from May to November, 1901. It is to be a very elaborate affair, as can be seen by the two illustrations which we herewith reproduce, and hundreds of thousands of visitors will throng to that city.

There will be no doubt that Brigadier McIntyre will make preparations to have the Salvation Army well to the front during the Exposition. Why should there not be some arrangements made to have the magnificent Music Hall on one or more occasions for some of our leaders to lay before the crowds the claims of the Cross?



A Matter of Spelling.—Magistrate—"How comes it, Sergeant, that you say in your oral testimony that the prisoner stole an encyclopedia, and in the written report of the case you said he stole a cook-book?"

Sergeant of Police—"Well, you see, Judge, it's easier to spell cook-book than encyclopedia."

COMPETITION CHAT

The North-West Still Snowed Under—Ontario Remains Conservative—The East vs. West Competition Thrown into Confusion by Missing Lists.

LIEUT. HORWOOD TOPS THE TERRITORY WITH 244 SALES.

I have sometimes felt it difficult to write notes when nothing happens, but when something happens that lets things down, I am at a loss to write about it. It is because my native country does not allow me to put into strong words my strong feelings in this matter.

Ontario does not give me any difficulty, for all there is to be said about those three Provinces can be summed up in that immortal phrase, "All remains as it used to was."

Then, how can I blame the East? They are not doing wonders, 'tis true, but they have none to stand up to. The allied forces are, it seems, undecided upon a concerted action, and so the competition of the esteemed Provinces fizzles out!

Lieut. Horwood, of London, comes to the top this week. Well done, Lieutenant, you deserve a pat. Lieut. Long, of Yarmouth, is second, and Capt. Hellman, of Chatham, and S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa, occupy jointly the third place, with 160 each.

But where are the champions of other days? I recall the names of Winnipeg Cook, the Ziebarths, and Yeomans, J. Babkirk, and others. Where are they now? Let there be a close search instituted to drag them again to the front. Perhaps some of them have fallen among—somebodies.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

86 Hustlers.

Lieut. Horwood, London	244
Capt. Hellman, Chatham	160
Capt. Hunter, Stratford	125
Capt. Haley, Windsor	101
Capt. Branigan, Leamington	100
Lieut. Knackle, Woodstock	95
S. M. McDougall, Goderich	90
Mrs. Capt. Huntington, Wallaceburg	85
Lieut. Smith, Goderich	75
Lieut. Carley, Windsor	75
Lieut. Yeomans, Sarnia	75
Cadet-Lieut. Watson, Sarnia	75
Ensign Crawford, Galt	70
Mrs. Benn, Petrolia	68
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	66
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	65
Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia	60
Ensign Hollett, Essex	60
Ensign Gamble, Guelph	60
Capt. Coe, Goderich	60
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	60
Lieut. Crank, Palmerston	57
Mrs. Adjt. McHarg, Simcoe	57
Cadet-Lieut. Martin, Strathroy	54
Mrs. Rock, Chatham	50
Adjt. Wakefield, London	50
Sergt. Palmer, London	50
Capt. Fyfe, Wingham	50
Lieut. Sticketts, Wingham	50
Capt. Sitzer, Galt	50
Mrs. Wakefield, Forest	50
Lieut. Greenwood, Berlin	50
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgetown	47
Capt. Hoekin, Tilsonburg	45
Lieut. Kitchen, Tilsonburg	45
Capt. Williams, Woodstock	45
Lieut. Mulsey, Hespeler	45
Capt. Mathers, Norwich	40
Lieut. Crawford, Norwich	40
Mrs. Capt. Coy, Dresden	40
Capt. White, Clinton	40
Lieut. Fennacy, Blenheim	40
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Scaforth	40
Cadet-Lieut. Yeomans, Listowel	40
Capt. Ringler, Listowel	40
Capt. Kerswell, Strathroy	40
Mother Cutting, Essex	35
Sister Schuster, Berlin	35
Ella Hunter, Stratford	35
Capt. Campbell, Paris	31
Capt. Hancock, Palmerston	31
Capt. Brooks, Thedford	30
Lieut. Plant, Bayfield	30
Bro. Virtue, Windsor	30
J. S. S.-M. Benders, Hespeler	30
Mabel Clark, St. Thomas	30
S.-M. Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	30
Capt. Jarvis, Berlin	28
Lieut. Cook, Ridgetown	28
P. S. M. Dickson, St. Thomas	27
Sergt. Massacre, St. Thomas	27
Capt. Dowell, Seaforth	27
Capt. Carr, Ridgetown	26
Sergt. Anderson, Watford	25
Sec. Gifford, Simcoe	25
Mrs. Broadwell, Kingsville	25
Sergt. Mrs. Mason, London	25
Mrs. Major Cooper, Hespeler	25
Sergt. Dearling, Hespeler	25
Cand. Ellis, Sarnia	25
J. S. Treas. McIlroy, St. Thomas	24
Cadet-Lieut. Allen, Ingersoll	23
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	22
Adjt. Blackburn, Petrolia	21
Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter	20
Sister Ellis, Dresden	20
Arthur Jordan, Chatham	20
Eva Simpson, Guelph	20
Capt. Harman, Blenheim	20
Capt. Rouney, Drayton	20
Corporal Dickson, St. Thomas	20
Sergt. Mrs. Pettit, St. Thomas	20
J. S. S.-M. Mrs. Hocklins, St. Thomas	20
Sergt. Mrs. Burney, St. Thomas	20
Sergt. Hooper, St. Thomas	20
Marshall Benn, Wallaceburg	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

70 Hustlers.

Capt. Banks, St. Catharines	158
Lieut. Parker, Hamilton I.	150
Capt. Darnach, North Bay	100
Lieut. Peacock, Collingwood	92
Mrs. Bowcock, Lippincott	85
Sergt. Dauberville, Hamilton I.	80
Lieut. Porter, Barrie	70
Cadet-Lieut. Carrell, Barrie	70
Capt. White, Bowmanville	65
Capt. H. Stephens, Owen Sound	64
Capt. J. McLellan, Owen Sound	63
Lieut. Marshall, Uxbridge	54
Lieut. McInnis, Lippincott St.	54
Sister Gimbert, Temple	53
Sister Dewel, Temple	51
Lieut. Griffith, Atmic Harbor	50
Sergt. Tuck, Lisgar St.	50
Capt. Poole, Oshawa	50
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	50
Capt. Huskinson, Newmarket	47
Lieut. Pattenden, Newmarket	47
Capt. Sticketts, Bracebridge	45
Capt. Capper, Klamount	45
Miss L. Kennedy, Yorkville	45
Corps-Cadet Case, Hamilton I.	45
Sergt. Mrs. Stewart, Lisgar St.	41
S. M. Gilks, Yorkville	40
Capt. Pailing, Sturgeon Falls	40
Capt. Sherwin, Lindsay	40
Lieut. Bone, Lindsay	40
Capt. Howcroft, Gravenhurst	40
Lieut. Porter, Riverside	40
P. S. M. Bradley, Temple	39
Sergt. Shay, Huntsville	38
Lieut. Longheed, Richmond St.	37
Sister Harvey, Temple	35
Lieut. McGregor, Orangeville	35
Capt. Trickey, Orangeville	35
Capt. Brant, Chesley	35
Capt. Culbert, Little Current	35
Lieut. Christopher, Little Current	35
Capt. Corwardine, Hamilton I.	32
Mrs. Capt. Howell, Fenelon Falls	31
Sister Medlock, Temple	30
Bro. Dixon, Temple	30
Sergt. Mrs. Bowbeer, Lisgar St.	29
S.-M. Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.	27
Capt. Stephens, Aurora	27
Capt. Liddard, Aurora	27
Sister Silverthorne, Temple	27
Sister Bowman, Temple	25
Sergt. Kane, St. Catharines	25
S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	25
Capt. Meeks, Yorkville	25
Corps-Cadet McCarney, Riverside	25
Ensign Walker, Riverside	25
Capt. Liston, Richmond St.	25
Capt. Lett, Meaford	24
Capt. Grego, Meaford	24
Capt. Bond, Huntsville	23
Capt. Clink, Huntsville	20
Sister Gofton, Temple	20
Adjt. Cameron, Temple	20
Capt. Lecocq, Temple	20
Lieut. Brown, Klamount	20
Adjt. DesBrisay, Barrie	20
Sister Robinson, Oshawa	20
Lieut. Meader, Sturgeon Falls	20
Sec. Hobson, Lindsay	20
Corps-Cadet Menzies, Lindsay	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

60 Hustlers.

S. M. Dudley, Ottawa	160
Adjt. Ogilvie, Barre	150
Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Kingston	145
Capt. Wilson, Arnprior	110
Cadet-Lieut. Rutledge, Kingston	105
Bro. Morse, Newport	102
Capt. Randall, Ottawa	100
Capt. Jones, St. Johnsbury	100
Bro. Rogers, Montreal I.	82
Mrs. Redburn, Peterboro	75
Capt. McLean, Cornwall	75
Lieut. Thompson, Cornwall	75
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Belleville	75
P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	74
Cadet-Lieut. Bryan, Deseronto	73
Capt. Weir, Prescott	70
Capt. Cook, Morrisburg	70
Sister Werry, Peterboro	65
Capt. Lang, Gananoque	65
Adjt. Babbington, Ottawa	65
Capt. Vance, Burlington	60
Sergt. Moors, Montreal I.	60
Capt. Grose, Quebec	60
Lieut. Pittman, Burlington	50
Sister Barber, Burlington	50
Capt. O'Neil, Kemptville	50
Lieut. Northcott, Gananoque	50
Capt. Ash, Peterboro	50
Sister Vaeour, Montreal I.	47
Mary Barker, Napanee	40
Sergt. Barber, Kingston	40
Mrs. Stone, Lakefield	40
Cadet Holiday, St. Albans	40
Capt. Carter, Belleville	40
Capt. Magee, Perth	37
Lieut. Liddell, Perth	37
Addie Donnelly, Millbrook	35
Maud Baker, Napanee	35
Adjt. Kendall, Kingston	35
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	35
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	35
Cadet Langley, Morrisburg	30
Sister Crawford, Quebec	30
Capt. Owen, Pearceton	30
Capt. Burtch, Newport	29
Cadet Stata, Odessa	25
Capt. Tytus, Montreal I.	25
Sister Logie, Montreal I.	25
Capt. Gammaidge, Sunbury	25
Cadet-Lieut. Naugh, Kemptville	25
M. Veal, Barre	25
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I.	20
Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I.	20
Sister Lewis, Montreal I.	20
Sister Sheppard, Quebec	20
J. Young, Quebec	20
Father Duquett, Trenton	20
Capt. Newell, Pembroke	20
Lieut. Hickman, Pembroke	20
Capt. Grego, Millbrook	20

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

74 Hustlers.

Lieut. Long, Yarmouth	195
Capt. Brehant, Hamilton	150
Cadet Duncan, Windsor	135
Capt. Martin, Charlottetown	127
J. McQueen, Moncton	120
Capt. Allan, St. John II.	110
P. S. Smith, Windsor	105
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	104
Ensign Parsons, Glace Bay	100
Capt. Taylor, Amherst	100
Mrs. Capt. Lortmer, St. Stephen	98
Mrs. Capt. Thompson, N. Sydney	95
Capt. Perry, St. John V.	80
Capt. Miller, St. John I.	80
Mrs. Salters, Hamilton	80
Capt. Ryan, Truro	77
Lieut. Lebans, Truro	77
H. Flood, Hamilton	75
Cadet Vaudine, Yarmouth	72
Capt. Forcey, Sackville	70
Lieut. Tiller, St. John III.	70
Ensign Jennings, Springhill	65
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	60
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	60
Lieut. Jones, Woodstock	60
Capt. Hutt, Bear River	57
Lieut. White, Sussex	55
Capt. W. Clark, Carleton	55
Mrs. Capt. Clark, Carleton	55
S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	50
Capt. Leadley, Glace Bay	50
P. S. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Lieut. Smith, Fairville	50
Adjt. McNamara, St. John I.	48
D. Virgil, Southampton	45
Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton	43
Lieut. McKiln, Canning	43
R. Brackett, Yarmouth	43
Lieut. Taylor, Springhill	42
Mrs. Place, Hamilton	40
Lieut. Urquhart, Digby	40
A. Ramie, Bridgetown	40
E. Ramie, Bridgetown	40
Lieut. Young, Hampton	40
Lieut. Tatem, North Head	35
Capt. Ritchie, Parrsboro	35
Lieut. Ebsary, Parrsboro	35
Capt. Lawes, Sydney	35
Capt. Hawbold, Sydney Mines	35
Capt. Bell, Somerset	35
Mrs. Gregory, Fredericton	34
Sergt. Holden, Windsor	31
P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton	30
Mrs. Ming, Hamilton	30
Mrs. Malary, Hamilton	30
Sister Newell, Dartmouth	30
Lieut. Netting, Liverpool	30
Capt. Richards, Bridgewater	30
Adjt. Wiggins, Fredericton	27
Capt. Lortmer, St. Stephen	25
Ensign Larder, Houlton	25
Bro. Frickett, Glace Bay	25
M. Beatty, Fredericton	20
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	20
Cadet McDonald, Freeport	20
Capt. Hudson, Keutville	20
Lieut. McWilliams, Kentville	20
Capt. Welch, Woodstock	20
L. Jones, St. John III.	20
A. Thompson, Moncton	20
Adjt. Crichton, Moncton	20
F. Magee, Moncton	20
Sergt. Maybee, Charlottetown	20
Sister Moore, Charlottetown	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

31 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Billings	100
Capt. Miller, New Whatcom	100
Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Helena	97
Sergt.-Major Whipple, Vancouver	95
Capt. LeDrew, Spokane	85
Capt. Langill, Kamloops	80
Capt. Scott, Victoria	82
Cadet Buck, Victoria	70
Adjt. Stevens, Rossland	75
Capt. Ziebarth, Livingstou	75
Mrs. Hawkins, Great Falls	75
Sister Huffman, New Westminster	72
Sergt. Woodthorpe, Vancouver	69
Lieut. Beyyer, Kalispell	67
Sergt. Preston, Spokane	65
Capt. Gain, Rossland	59
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	50
Capt. Fisher, Missoula	50
Capt. Krelt, Missoula	45
Cadet Holder, Vancouver	40
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Dillon	35
Treas. Mortimer, Victoria	34
Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo	34
Capt. Shearl, Great Falls	30
Cadet Smith, Great Falls	25
Bro. E. Britt, Rossland	21
Adjt. Hay, New Westminster	23
Sister Sutly, Vancouver	23
Mrs. Adjt. Dodd, Spokane	20
Bro. C. Chenneworth, Rossland	20
Sister Wallender, Rossland	20

KLONDIKE DISTRICT.

2 Hustlers.

Capt. Lloyd, Dawson City	125
Capt. Wilcox, Dawson City	95

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; believed, and, as far as possible, assist stranded women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address COMMISSIONER EVANGELINE BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised.

Second Insertion.

TULLY, EDWARD. Age 54, height 5 ft. 10 in. Left Dresden ten years ago for Denver, Col., U. S. A. Was working in Washington Lumber Camp. Bro. Thomas enquires.

MARTIN, JOSEPH A. Age 30, medium height, fair complexion. Last heard of seven years ago at Richmond Corner, Maine, U. S. A., afterwards worked on railway near Quebec. Brother Frank enquires.

JONES, JOHN (deceased). If the two children (daughters) of the late John Jones, who emigrated from England many years ago, and resided at Three Rivers, Quebec, about 30 years ago, will communicate with Robert Davies & Co., Solicitors, Warrington, England, they will hear of something to their advantage. Full particulars of deceased's family must be given.

HIGGINS, WM. Age 25, height 5 ft. 5 in., brown hair, grey eyes, fair, has mark of a fish on his cheek. Last heard of eight years ago, at Collingwood. Parents very anxious.

MILLIGAN, MR. and MRS., are sought for by Mrs. Ellen Riddell. They lived in St. John, N. B., in the year 1880, also

PAGE, MRS, daughter of Robert Cook. Enquirer is in Australia.

ter Newell, Dartmouth 30
ent. Netting, Liverpool 29
pt. Richards, Bridgewater 30
t. Wiggins, Fredericton 27
pt. Lorimer, St. Stephen 25
sign Larder, Houlton 25
). Frickett, Grace Bay 25
Beatty, Fredericton 29
s. Smith, Hamilton 29
let McDonald, Freeport 29
pt. Hudson, Kentville 29
ut. McWilliams, Kentville 29
pt. Welch, Woodstock 29
Jones, St. John III. 29
Thompson, Moncton 29
gt. Crichton, Moncton 29
Magee, Moncton 29
gt. Mayhew, Charlottetown 29
ter Moore, Charlottetown 29

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

31 Hustlers.

s. Adjt. Ayre, Billings 100
pt. Miller, New Whatcom 100
s. Ensign Cummins, Helena 97
gt.-Major Whipple, Vancouver. 95
pt. LeDrew, Spokane 88
pt. Langill, Kamloops 80
pt. Scott, Victoria 82
let Buck, Victoria 79
pt. Stevens, Rossland 75
pt. Zielbarth, Livingston 75
s. Hawkins, Great Falls 75
ter Huffman, New Westminster 72
gt. Woodthorpe, Vancouver .. 69
ut. Boyyer, Kalispell 67
gt. Preston, Spokane 65
pt. Goin, Rossland 59
s. Capt. Jackson, Nanaimo 59
pt. Fisher, Missoula 50
pt. Krell, Missoula 45
let Holder, Vancouver 41
t. Capt. Brown, Dillon 35
as. Mortimer, Victoria 31
pt. Jackson, Nanaimo 31
pt. Sheard, Great Falls 30
let Smith, Great Falls 25
. E. Britt, Rossland 21
t. Hay, New Westminster 23
er Sully, Vancouver 23
). Adjt. Dodd, Spokane 20
. C. Chennewortb, Rossland .. 20
er Wallender, Rossland 20

KLONDIKE DISTRICT.

2 Hustlers.

t. Lloyd, Dawson City 125
t. Wilcox, Dawson City 95

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ers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regular- ough this column and to notify the Commissioner if they le to give any information about persons advertised for.

Second Insertion.

ILLY, EDWARD. Age 51, height 10 in. Left Dresden ten years for Denver, Col., U. S. A. Was ing in Washington Lumber Camp. Thomas enquires.

ARTIN, JOSEPH A. Age 30, hin height, fair complexion. Last d of seven years ago at Richmond er, Maine, U. S. A., afterwards ked on railway near Quebec. Bro- Frank enquires.

NES, JOHN (deceased). If the children (daughters) of the late Jones, who emigrated from and many years ago, and resided Three Rivers, Quebec, about 30 s ago, will communicate with rl Davies & Co., Solicitors, War- on, England, they will hear of thing to their advantage. Full culars of deceased's family must ven.

GGINS, WM. Age 25, height 5 in., brown hair, grey eyes, fair, mark of a fish on his cheek. Last d of eight years ago, at Collins- . Parents very anxious.

LLIGAN, MR. and MRS., are at for by Mrs. Ellen Riddell. They in St. John, N. B., in the year also

GE, MRS, daughter of Robert Enquirer is in Australia.

II.—THE ROMANS.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued.)

To the East, where our Lord dwelt, nay, to all the rest of the empire, the reign of Tiberius was a quiet time, with the good government arranged by Augustus working on. It was only his own family, and the senators and the people of rank at Rome, who had much to fear from his strange, harsh, and jealous temper. The Claudian family had in all times been shy, proud, and stern, and to have such power as belonged to Augustus Cæsar was more than their heads could bear. Tiberius hated and suspected everybody, and yet he did not like putting people to death, so he let Drusus be starved to death in prison, and Agrippina chose the same way of dying in her island, while some of the chief senators received such messages that they put themselves to death. He led a wretched life, watching for treason and fearing everybody, and trying to drown the thought of danger in the banquets of Capreæ, where the remains of his villa may still be seen. Once he set out, intending to visit Rome, but no sooner had he landed in Campania than the sight of hundreds of country people shouting welcome so disturbed him that he hastened on board ship again, and thus entered the Tiber; but at the very sight of the hills of Rome his terror returned, and he had his galley turned about and went back to his island, which he never again quitted.

Only two males of his family were left now—a great-nephew and a nephew, Caius, that son of the second Germanicus, who had been nicknamed Caligula, a youth of a strange, excitable, feverish nature, but who, from his fright at Tiberius, had managed to keep the peace with him, and had only once been for a short time in disgrace; and his uncle, the youngest son of the first Germanicus, commonly called Claudius, a very dull, heavy man, fond of books, but so slow and shy that he was considered to be wanting in brains, and thus had never fallen under suspicion.

At length Tiberius fell ill, and when he was known to be dying, he was smothered with pillows as he began to recover from a fainting fit, lest he should take vengeance on those who had for a moment thought him dead. He died A. D. 37, and the power went to Caligula, properly called Caius, who was only twenty-five, and who began in a kindly generous spirit, which pleased the people and gave them hope; but to have so much power was too much for his brain, and he can only be thought of as mad, especially after he had a severe illness, which made the people so anxious that he was puffed up with the notion of his own importance.

He put to death all who offended him, and, inheriting some of Tiberius' distrust and hatred of the people, he cried out, when they did not admire one of his shows as much as he expected, "Would that the people of Rome had but one neck, so that I might behead them all at once." He planned great public buildings, but had not steadiness to carry them out; and he became so greedy of the fame which, poor wretch, he could not earn, that he was jealous even of the dead. He turned the books of Livy and Virgil out of the libraries, and deprived the statues of the great men of old of the marks by which they were known—Cincinnatus of his curls, and Torquatus of his collar, and he forbade the last of the Pompeii to be called Magnus.

He made an expedition into Gaul, and talked of conquering Britain, but he got no further than the shore of the Channel, where, instead of setting sail, he made the soldiers gather up shells, which he sent home to the senate to be placed among the treasures in the Capitol, calling them the spoils of the conquered ocean. Then he collected the German slaves and the tallest Gauls he could find, commanded the latter to dye their hair and beards to a light color, and brought them home to walk in his triumph. The senate, however, were slow to understand that he could really expect a triumph, and this affronted him so much that, when they offered him one, he would not have it, and went on insulting them. He made his horse a consul, though only for a day, and showed it with golden oats before it in a golden manger. Once, when the two consuls were sitting beside him, he burst out laughing, to think, he said, how with one word he could make both their heads roll on the floor.

The provinces were not so ill off, but the state of Rome was unbearable. Everybody was in danger, and at last a plot was formed for his death; and as he was on his way from his house to the circus, and stopped to look at some singers who were going to perform, a party of men set upon him and killed him with many wounds, after he had reigned only five years, and when he was but thirty years old.

(To be continued.)

Spiritual Geography.

By M. W. KNAPP.

(Continued.)

(d) It is also a mistake to suppose that consecration "as far as I know" is entire consecration. It must be "as far as God knows." In the very nature of the case much must be subscribed to, that at the time can not be known. It can not be known how great our capacities will be, or what means may fall into our hands, or what God's word and Spirit may reveal as duty, upon what errands He may wish to send us, or what crosses He may see fit to send; so, with Israel, we must cover all this ground with "whatsoever" and "wheresoever," and obediently trust our Father for the "what" and "where." How inexpressibly delicious to feel that—

"Where He may lead I'll follow,
My trust in Him repose,
And every hour in perfect peace,
I'll sing, He knows, He knows!"

The "as far as I know" consecration is as if one had the whole world to consecrate, and should take his station in the valley where but a fraction of his possession can be seen, and then consecrate as far "as he can see." He would not get the blessing. He ascends a hill-top, where the range of vision is broader, and repeats the consecration with like results. Then he scales a mountain summit, and then from one of earth's highest peaks, with a telescope, his vision sweeps a much wider circle, and he consecrates it all, but does not get the blessing. He has been consecrating "as far as he can see." Finally, in despair, he bows before God and vows, "I yield all to Thee—all that I can see, and all that is beyond my sight; the little that I am, and all I ever may be; this world as it is, and as it will be when all its resources are developed; and if in my name there are other worlds that I do not now know of, them, too, I yield to Thee; and to all Thy will as it is revealed, and as it may hereafter be made known, by Thy assisting grace, I yield.

And Will for Ever Yield.

Thus the fully consecrated soul covenants to yield all eternally to Jesus. And the "all" includes every power of the being, as it is and as it will be when it has by use increased ten-fold, a million-fold. It includes all earthly goods now possessed, and all that will be when the undiscovered gold-mine is developed, or the princely legacy received. It includes everything now made plain, and all that ever will be through the years of time and cycles of eternity. It includes all, not as measured by changing human vision, from the valley, or hill-top, or mountain; but as seen by the Omniscient Eye. This is what God meant when He said: "If we walk in the light as He is in the light." It is as if God should say, "My child, I have mapped out for you just the life-plan that you need; you can understand, and need to know but little of it now, but I will reveal it to you, explain it, and give you wisdom and strength to execute it as you need. Will you subscribe to it?" Complete consecration responds: "Blessed Lord, write out my orders and my discipline for this life and the life to come, and, by Thy grace, I promise to say amen to every word."

The Wrong Way to Argue.

Many things in the life that are not consistent with God's will may not arise at the moment the consecration is made, but as soon as they are seen they are made to harmonize. Some have foolishly reasoned as a certain brother did in regard to his tobacco. He made a complete consecration, exercised the faith, and crossed over into Canaan. He had been there but a short time when his tobacco habit confronted him. He reasoned, "God sanctified me with my tobacco; therefore it can not be wrong to use it." But still it bothered him. Then he prayed: "If using this is wrong, then, O God, take Thy Holy Spirit from me." In an instant the Spirit took its flight, and the horrors of the darkness that followed, the brother never wishes again to feel. He cried out: "It is enough; I yield!" Tobacco went, the Spirit returned, and he again rejoiced in His presence, having learned the lesson that the fully consecrated soul should yield at once to all the Spirit's corrections.

One asks: "But how can we know when all is consecrated?" Just as the soldier knows that he will execute the orders of his superior, or die trying to. Yes, even more surely, for man might require impossibilities; God cannot. Just as a person knows when he has deeded all his property to another, or promised a superior implicit obedience.

Israel at Jordan yielded the last point. The "whatsoever" and "wheresoever" covered the whole ground. I heard a minister's wife once say that, in reviewing her consecration, she always "ran up against something" that she was not willing to do. Too many are like her in this respect. This is the secret of its being "so hard" for many to believe.

If the Israelites at Jordan had held on to their tobacco, if they had had it, or their "jewelry" or "godless organizations," or had insisted on putting their music in the hands of the ungodly instead of the people divinely fitted for that work, or held to wrong means for raising money instead of bringing in their tithes, or retain unscriptural practices in their business, or in any way "kept back part of the price," they would have found it as difficult to exercise the "faith that brings the fire" as their brethren and sisters of to-day.

(To be concluded.)

To Fresh Fields.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S.—During the past week the meetings, both at the outpost and at the corps, have been most successful. On Saturday night one sinner sought salvation. Captain Lamont has been conducting farewell meetings at the different local appointments, and on Thursday left for New Glasgow. We believe God is going to send us the right officers, and pray that souls will be saved during the coming winter.—M. R., R. C.

Ensign Ottaway Returns.

OTTAWA.—Capt. Wilson and Adjt. Babbington in turn have been assisting at this corps, and God has blessed them. Ensign Ottaway returned on Saturday from Montreal, and was heartily welcomed. The Ensign conducted red-hot salvation meetings all day Sunday, with the result that five souls knelt at the Cross. The officers have now gone to the councils, but our comrades are pushing on the war with vigor, believing for the downfall of a portion of Satan's kingdom.—A. French, Secretary.

Splendid Crowds.

BLENHEIM.—Welcome meetings to our new officers, Capt. Mathers and Lieut. Watson, were conducted on Sunday. The crowds were the best we have had for a long time. The Captain's singing and guitar playing took well with the people, who remained to the finish of each meeting. By-the-way, the Captain is an old Lieutenant of this corps, having been stationed here about five years ago. Oh, for a mighty outpouring of God's Spirit upon us! Then shall we see sinners saved, backsliders reclaimed, and believers sanctified.—Ina Groom.

Central Ontario's Financial Special,

ASSISTED BY ENSIGN DODGE,

Visits Midland and Parry Sound.

Midland has again been favored with a visit from Ensign Burrows, T. F. S., who spent three days at this corps.

On Saturday evening he gave an illustrated lecture, subject: "A Drunken Mother," etc. The meetings all day on Sunday were both interesting and inspiring. In the evening the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. The day closed with seven seekers at—

"There is a place where sinners meet,
'Tis at the blood-bought Mercy Seat."

Quite a number of Blood-and-Fire soldiers were around in good time for the open-air meeting on Monday night. "A Fatal Accident" was announced as the subject of the lantern service inside. Although the evening was wet and disagreeable, the hall was nicely filled. I must not forget to mention that Ensign Dodge joined Ensign Burrows here for the last-mentioned meeting, which will not soon be forgotten.

At His Best in the Open-Air.

At Parry Sound the Union Hall was occupied, according to previous arrangement, so the T. F. S. Co., with the officers and soldiers of the corps, with the best possible grace, accepted the only alternative and raised the standard in the open-air. Here Ensign Burrows appeared at his best, and fired some red-hot Gospel shot into the crowd. Ensign Dodge manipulated the bones, which proved a great attraction.

The inhabitants of Parry Sound seem to know a good thing when they see it; in fact, they believed before they had seen. The officers, Captains Wicks and Paxton, together with the comrades, had not been backward in announcing the lantern service. The town had been well canvassed for the sale of tickets, with the result that about 200 persons, including children, were present, who, throughout the entire service, were eager and attentive spectators and listeners. Many pronounced the service the best thing of the kind ever shown here. Previous to closing, Ensign Dodge was called upon to speak. He had messages to deliver from different officers who had been stationed at this corps. The Ensign said, "It is pleasant to be remembered by those we have learned to love, and who have been interested in our welfare, but we have a more important message than any of these:

"'We have a message, a message from Jesus,
A message of hope to the poor, weary heart.'"

Ensign Burrows stated that other corps have done well, but Parry Sound heads the list, and is better than anything accomplished during eighteen months past. The officers, soldiers, and friends say, "Come again, Ensign Burrows, and come soon."—Urs truly.

Pray for the Captain.

REVELSTOKE is again victorious. Another soul has been delivered from the bondage of the devil's chains, and brought to serve our blessed Lord, Who has given him a joy and peace he failed to find in the service of the devil. Good meetings in spite of bad weather. We are sorry to say our Captain is suffering with a severe cold, but we are believing ere long to see her again in good health.—Silvers.

Sold 2,800 War Crys.

PICTON.—Ensign and Mrs. Wynn have received their farewell orders, and, like good soldiers, have obeyed. Thursday evening we had a farewell social in our hall, which was successful. Sunday the farewell meetings took place. A good crowd gathered to say good bye to our dear officers. They have been a great blessing since coming into our midst. Their many friends wish them a hearty God-speed. Mrs. Wynn, has, during her stay in Picton, sold 2,800 War Crys. The farewell offering amounted to over $10. A week ago Saturday and Sunday Ensign Parker assisted in the meetings. Saturday night a lantern service. Subject: "Almost Wrecked." Good crowd. Sunday, God came near and blessed our souls.—Lillie De Witta.

Selected by ENSIGN BROWN, Greenspond, Nfld.

Ensign Brown entered the Army as an officer from Tilt Cove, Nfld., in July, '94, and went direct to the Training Home in St. Johns. His first appointment was Bonavista, as a Cadet. St. Johns II. and Harbor Grace followed. On being appointed to the former place he received his commission as Lieutenant. Clarenville as Captain, then came St. Johns I., Grand Bank, Fortune, and Bay Roberts in succession. In May, 1899, he was appointed to the Staff with the rank of Ensign, and later appointed to the Greenspond Corps and District, which at the present commands his best energies. During the fourteen months the Ensign has been in charge of the District over 300 souls have been converted, a good percentage of whom have been made into Blood-and-Fire soldiers. Two new corps have been opened, two barracks, and two officers' quarters have been built. During the Ensign's six years as an officer he has had the joy of seeing over 1,000 souls kneel at the Cross. His whole heart is in the fight, and the same desire for the salvation of the people possesses him as when he first entered the Field as an officer.

Holiness.

1 Sins of years are all numbered,
Blackest stains brought to light,
Broken pledges uncovered,
None escape from His sight.
Unwashed hearts are rejected,
Guilty souls rise alone;
When you stand in the light
Of His great Judgment Throne.

Chorus.

While the light from heaven is falling,
Sins confessing, wants revealing;
While redeeming grace is flowing,
Thou canst wash my sins away.

All the past with its chances,
All the "What might have been;"
Every conquest and victory
He has meant you should win—
How you'll wish you'd gone forward,
Loving Jesus alone,
When you stand in the light
Of the great Judgment Throne.

Hidden stripes all unnoticed,
Battles fought on your knees,
Daily burdens and duties
When you're sure no one sees,
All are treasured in heaven.
You shall hear His "Well done,"
When you stand in the light
Of His great Judgment Throne.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
I have given my all to God,
And I now have full salvation
Through the precious blood.

Lord, my all I here present Thee,
Gladly now no longer mine;
Let no evil thing prevent me
Blending it with Thine.
Lord, my life I lay before Thee,
Hear, this hour, the sacred vow,
All Thine own I now restore Thee,
Thine for ever now.

Sanctify the Whole.

Tune.—Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord (B.J. 74); Bright crowns (B.J. 59); Bright for evermore (B.J. 33).

2 O God of love, on Thee we call,
Oh, let the Spirit come
Just now, and sanctify the whole,
And make our heart Thy home.

Chorus.

Oh, it's nice to be holy, pure, and clean,
And to know that the Saviour dwells within.

Our hearts inflame with burning love
For lost mankind and Thee;
Descend, O Spirit, from above,
This is our earnest plea.

For holy power and holy might,
We storm Thy Kingdom, Lord,
Hell's legions shall be put to flight,
And honored be Thy word.

Ensign A. G. Brown.

Full Surrender.

Tune.—B.J. 3.

3 Lord, I make a full surrender,
All I have I yield to Thee;
For Thy love, so great and tender,
Asks the gift of me.
Lord, I bring my whole affection,
Claim it, take it for Thine own;
Safely kept by Thy protection,
Fixed on Thee alone.

Blessed Spirit, Thou hast brought me,
Thus my all to Thee to give;
For the blood of Christ has bought me,
And by faith I live.
Show Thyself, O God of power,
My unchanging, loving Friend;
Keep me till in death's dark hour
Faith in sight shall end.

Jesus Saves.

Tune.—Over Jordan (B.J. 17).

4 Once my heart was full of sin,
But the Saviour took me in,
So I cannot help but sing,
Jesus saves me!
All the past is blotted out,
And about it I've no doubt,
So I'm bound to sing and shout,
Jesus saves me!

Chorus.

Jesus saves me, Jesus saves me,
All my sins are washed away,
And I'm happy every day;
Jesus saves me, Jesus saves me,
While I daily watch and pray,
Jesus saves me!

Oh, what joy I have to-day,
As I tread the narrow way,
While I daily watch and pray,
Jesus saves me!
Now my heart is filled with joy,
I have peace without alloy,
Which the devil can't destroy,
Jesus saves me!

I am happy, glad, and free,
Since the Lord has pardoned me.
He will do the same for thee,
Hallelujah!
Seek the Lord without delay,
Come to Jesus while you may,
He will wash your sins away,
Hallelujah!

Ensign A. G. Brown, Nfld.

Experience.

Tune.—And now I am so happy since I've been born again.

5 I once was serving Satan,
And on the downward road;
My life was sad and weary,
I had a heavy load.
I came unto the Saviour,
In all my guilt and shame,
My soul was freed from danger,
Oh, glory to His name!

Chorus.

Now I am so happy,
Since I've been born again,
I've found a Friend in Jesus,
And with Him I'll remain.
He is my Hope and Comfort,
He is my Strength and Stay,
He is a loving Father,
His love can never decay.

I've got a full salvation,
I'm walking in the light.
He helps me now to conquer,
I know He'll keep me right;
And when the fight is ended,
And days on earth are o'er,
With angels' voices blended,
I'll praise Him evermore.

Ensign A. G. Brown.

Onward, Yes, Onward.

Tune.—B.J. 69.

6 Onward, yes, onward, does time in its flight
Bear me along to eternity's night;
Sinner, when once on the echoless shore,
Answers to prayer will come never more.
Tear from your soul now the dark demon's snare,
Come to the Cross with your woe and despair,
Down at the feet of the Saviour, oh, cry,
"Pardon the past, Saviour, save or I die."

Onward, yes, onward, you're borne on sin's years,
Till you've grown weary of toil and of tears,
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain;
Will you not come to your Father again?
You have grown weary of things that decay—
Weary of flinging your soul's wealth away;
Weary of sowing what soon you must reap;
Jesus will hear, sinner—speak, sinner, speak.

Backslider, backslider, the time has been long
Since last in your mouth was heard the new song;
Come to the Cross, and again it will seem
That all your backslidings are gone like a dream.
Now, in repentance, come back to the place,
Where, like the prodigal, you shall find grace;
Speak while in sorrow before Him you lie,
"Pardon the past, Saviour, save, or I die!"

CITY OFFICIALS AND SALVATION ARMY OFFICERS please take note.—No young woman must be sent to our Rescue Home without arrangements being previously made with the Matron of the Home. Adherence to this regulation will save inconvenience and disappointment.

Solo.

Tune.—Somebody's boy.

7 Out in the cold world, and far away from home,
Some mother's boy is wandering alone,
No one to guide him or keep his footsteps right,
Some mother's boy is wandering to-night.
Search till you find him and bring him back to me,
Far, far away, wherever he may be;
Tell him his mother, with faded cheek and hair,
At the old home is waiting him there.

Chorus.

Bring back to me my wandering boy,
There is no other that's left to bring me joy;
Tell him his mother, with faded cheek and hair,
At the old home is waiting him there.

Oh, could I see him and fold him to my breast,
Gladly I'd close my eyes and be at rest,
There is no other that's left to bring me joy,
Bring back to me my wandering boy.
Well I remember the parting words he said,
"We'll meet up where no farewell tears are shed,
There'll be no good-byes in that bright land so fair,
When done with life I'll meet you up there."

Out in the hallway there stands a vacant chair,
Yonder the shoes that once he used to wear,
Empty the cradle that he once loved so well,
Oh, how I miss him, there's no one can tell!
Can I forget him, or cease to hold him dear?
He is my boy as when he once was here;
Although he wandered in darkness and in sin,
Bring him to me, I will welcome him in.

THE COMMISSIONER

WILL VISIT

WINNIPEG

THURSDAY, NOV. 29th, OPENING OF NEW CITADEL.

FRIDAY, NOV. 30th, SPECIAL MEETINGS.

Coming Events.

COLONEL JACOBS,

Chief Secretary,

will visit and conduct meetings as follows:

ROSSLAND, Sat., Sun., and Mon., Nov. 24, 25, 26.

SPOKANE, Tues., Wed., and Thurs., Nov. 27, 28, 29.

NEW WESTMINSTER, Saturday, Dec. 1.

VANCOUVER, Sun., Mon., and Tues., Dec. 2, 3, 4.

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Margetts,

accompanied by

Staff-Capt. Manton,

will visit

THE TEMPLE, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, November 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th.

LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ

will visit

Hamilton I., Sunday, Dec. 2. Rescue Anniversary.

Temple, Thursday, Dec. 6. Rescue Anniversary.

BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

will conduct

SPECIAL SOUL-SAVING MEETINGS

at

Dovercourt, from Friday, Nov. 16, to Monday, Nov. 26.